

Celebrating quarter of a century of whinging

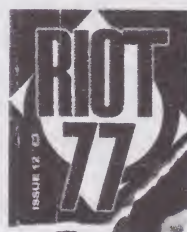
NEGATIVE REACTION

Punk and Oi! Fanzine. Issue 11



25 YEARS OF SHITE.

Attila the
Stockbroker



SONS OF BAD BREATH

more **TREV WATCH!**

MURDER JUNKIES

FARMER'S TV

OI POLLOI



25 YEARS OF SHITE (and still counting)

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Welcome to a big celebration issue of 25 years of zines. Remember 1983 when that mad right wing fucker was in charge, obsessed with spying on people, battering the poor with welfare reforms, giving tax breaks to the rich, privatising the NHS, licking the arse of a mad American dictator, closing down any industry that didn't make a profit, starting wars for the hell of it, not listening to anyone but big business...ah, it seems it was only yesterday! Er, hell, it *was* only yesterday!

I keep telling myself "no more politics in the zine. It's boring. People don't wanna hear it". Then I buy a loaf of bread, pay the gas bill or get the bus, and see that smarmy twat Brown telling people to accept a 2 percent pay rise, and I'm off again! Brown is about as popular as Nelson Mandela at a Condemned 84 gig, and yet Blair (who was *exactly* the same) once had high poll ratings. How come? The power of the media. A fickle public believing any old shite the tabloids tell them. When David Davis is our only hope of upholding democracy, we are...FUCKED. Enjoy the read.

CREDITS- Dawn (layout etc, and being *the best!*), Mike Hunt (Farmers TV, articles), Justin Openshaw (reviews), Steve DIY (Strawberry Blondes, 4Skins interviews), and Gareth (Murder Junkies interview). And thanks to YOU for buying this!

COLIN GLEASE APPEAL

Colin is a local lad the same age as me. We used to have a right good laugh and mad nights out, but when Stanley went tits up and less and less people started going out, we drifted apart. I was deeply saddened to find that the next time I saw him it was in the local paper where it was revealed he had cancer. There is hope though. A new drug can prolong his life, but it doesn't come cheap and the government (surprise surprise) refuse to fund it on the NHS, claiming they're "not sure it works". He needs £20,000 for the tablets - a huge amount of money but he is so well respected locally that people have already raised thousands. If anyone can make a donation no matter how small, please make cheque or PO out to C GLEASE and send it to- 68 Lily Gardens, Flint Hill, Stanley, Co.Durham, DH9 9BQ.

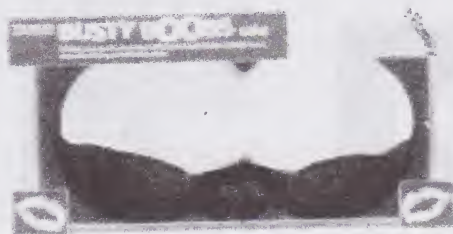
So.. it's 25 years since Trev first got out his scissors & pritt stick out and started his crusade to bring punk, Oi! and his cutting wit to the masses.. and what more fitting way to mark this than with a bumper edition.. including.. yes.. a FREEBIE! Shows that he's softened over the years, because although the words 'TREV' & 'FREE' have always been closely associated, it's not normally been in terms of him giving something away.. you see folks I'm starting to get through to him.. slowly. I don't think you will be disappointed as this issue is crammed with the usual mix of fine interviews (Oi Pulloi & Attila the Stockbroker are both crackers!), reviews, articles and of course Trev's quirky angst ridden rants. For my part I continue to slog away in the engine room but have been allowed to submit a new Trev Watch & a much ridiculed CD review. I did have some more offerings but Commandant HAGL Mugabe decided they weren't suitable or exciting enough to grace these pages. I suppose he deserves to be precious about his anniversary issue though.



Trev's ideal woman.. zipped!

So Labour are failing at every twist & turn and are still reeling from the slaughtering in the local & by elections (don't get excited Tory Dave, you've only benefited on the back of their disgraceful policies and performance) & Boris the Buffoon is established as the Mayor of London.. what a message to the world eh - makes you proud to be British! The press excelled themselves earlier in the year with pages of puke worthy coverage of the Mills/McCartney divorce settlement.. we feel your pain Heather, how can any of us be expected to bring up our children on the measly £35000 a year awarded (with an overall £24 million pay out let's not forget) News has been pretty depressing all round, with a young lass kicked to death by scum, just for being a Goth & a delinquent chav brood setting up a false kidnap. Let's hope that's one little girl saved from an inevitable life of misery.

Trev's 25 year celebration cake!



On a lighter note I got an IPOD for Christmas & having transferred my music collection have had months, weeks and hours of reminiscing pleasure on the usually boring bus & train journeys. Most listened to stuff recently has been NMA - High, Stagebottles - Mr Punch; Lurkers - Fried Brains and most recently, hot off the press Argy Barge - The Likes of Us. All good stuff! The line up for Blackpool is hot, even if the weather lets us down & I look forward to seeing you all there.

So I'll let you get stuck in to the zine & I'm sure you'll join me in giving Trev a big pat on the back for remaining committed to the cause & being a mainstay of the UK punk & Oi! Zine. So take care of yourselves & cheers to all, especially Trev.. for everything xxx



Thanks to Steve DIY of Street Voice for providing this interview

Apart from the Cockney Rejects the 4-Skins were the most popular Oi! Band doing the rounds in the early 80's. Despite having several line up changes the better songs were written by the first line-up of the 4-Skins which included Garry Hodges on vocals. After the Hodges era the band were a bit hit and miss and towards the end were dreadful. After hearing Gary Hodges had reformed the band and seeing various rumours posted on various internet boards and receiving two recently recorded 'Slade' covers I decided to drop the man an interview and find out what the newly reformed 4-Skins are up to. Here's what Gary had to say for himself.

Street Voice: So why decide to reform the 4-Skins after all this time?

GH: I was persuaded to appear on Kings of Street Punk compilation, I thought it would be good for my 11 year old daughter to be involved, after that I started getting offers to gig, which I didn't really want to do. In the end it was my daughter that talked me into it as she wanted to see me on you tube, and show her friends.

Street Voice: Who's in the band and who plays what?

Vocals= Gary Hodges; Drums= Sedge; Bass= Bacon; Lead= Big Tom

Street Voice: How come the other members of the 4-Skins didn't want to get back together?

GH: Tom McCourt didn't want to get involved as his job isn't really compatible with appearing in an Oi! band. H wanted to get involved, but as he hadn't even looked at a guitar in 25 years, let alone played one. He wasn't able to get up to scratch in time (we literally only had 2 months to get ready for Berlin). John Jacobs has moved on, and I don't know what has happened to Steve Pear. As far as I'm concerned they are the only ex 4-skins that I would worry about.

Street Voice: I know there's been some criticism in the UK about the band not having the original line up which must piss you off as I can't think of one reformed Punk/Oi! Band doing the rounds with its original members?

GH: The 4skins had about a dozen different members in its various incarnations, but I started the band with H, the songs we are performing, are the songs that I wrote. We can replicate the 4skin sound, but if people preferred my sound over Panther or Roi, then they can come and see this band that we have put together.

Street Voice: You recently played Germany. I've had good and bad reports about how you played but as a band playing its first comeback gig how did you feel it went?

GH: It was a great buzz; the place was packed and most seemed to enjoy it. The sound could have been better, but at the end of the day we were playing in a massive warehouse.

Street Voice: So you've got the large Oi! Festival and Rebellion to play now so how does it feel to come back to be playing high profile gigs?

GH: I'm looking forward to the USA, as I've seen the venue and if it's a sell out it should be really good, and reports from the previous year's festivals reckon everyone has a great time. Blackpool will be the nuts, we are going up for three days on the piss, and I've got a lot of friends coming up for the crack who have never ever seen an Oi! band.

Street Voice: In hindsight though wouldn't it have been better to play a few warm up gigs to smaller crowds?

GH: The problem is getting the venues, and silly as it seems you have less control at the smaller gigs over the crowd. If too many people turned up for the size of venue that would lead to trouble. We would be dead in the water before we'd even started.

Street Voice: Now you're back playing these high profile gigs do you think that some of the audience you've always attracted will keep their right arms down?

GH: Let's hope so; we had none of it in Berlin. Hopefully people have moved on with the passing of the years.



Street Voice: Talking of right armers I used to feel puzzled as when I used to go to Oi! gigs in the 80's as I couldn't understand them being there as the things that most bands sung about like Police Oppression etc the Fash were thinking the total opposite. So therefore did it never surprise you that gigs used to get so frequently trashed?

GH: Thing is the Right and Left are not too different with most of their views, but a lot of people in the right and left can't see it, or won't admit it.

Ed Note: I think Gary is talking about the likes of the SWP and Respect here and he does have a point. Left wing organisations like the IWCA are in tune with the working class as they come from the same estates etc. They know the score.

Street Voice: So now you're back playing gigs are you writing a new album or just doing it for a few drinks, a laugh and a bit of cash for doing something you enjoy?

GH: I'm definitely doing it for the laughs, but H has been penning some lyrics so some new stuff may get released.



Street Voice: If you're writing new material can we expect something to be released this year?

GH: We will have to see what sort of quality the stuff we produce is. I won't bring anything out just for the sake of it.

Street Voice: How does the Oi! scene of 2008 compare to that of the early 80's?

GH: It's full of old people.

Street Voice: In between you splitting up and reforming what have you been up to?

GH: I had nothing to do with music at all, after doing a couple of years inside for football violence (18 months) and armed robbery (3 years). I kept my head down and concentrated on being with my family.

Street Voice: So who's the HC beer drinker of the band and have you got any stories to tell regards drunken misbehaviour?

GH: We are all t-total

Street Voice: Anything you'd like to add?

GH: Thanks for the interest, and this ride is probably going to be short and sweet.

Thanks to Gary for doing the interview and Milky for sorting it out. Nice one! I left out questions about Southall and other incarnations of the 4-skins simply because we've all heard the rumours/stories over the years and there was no point in re-visiting them. On the basis of the Slade covers I've got by the 4-Skins I hope they go out and release an Album or EP if only just for fun. The Slade tracks were spot on and not blatant copies either. The 4-Skins are back and they're better than ever!

Thanks to Steve for the above, but we're not finished yet! With the help of their manager Milky I asked Gary some more questions...

"Chaos" on "Kings of Streetpunk" has new lyrics which pour scorn on the chavs that roam the streets today. What are your views on that culture, and how does it compare with the skins of the early 80's?

I have no time for the hoodies, who are out of their heads on drink and drugs, they have no respect for themselves, how can they have respect for people around them. The kids who try to make out they are from the 'hood' and in reality are living in middle class sub-urban areas have no culture of their own, and are too mindless to come up with something for themselves. The skins of the late 70's early 80's were smart. had self respect and the majority frowned on drugs. We fought but it was mainly out of loyalty to an area or football team.

You mentioned a big part of reforming was so your daughter could see you play. Is she well into the Oi'?

She is getting into the music, she has a punk look rather than one of a skin girl, and she likes some of the more modern 'punk' bands like My Chemical Romance.

"One Law For Them" is more relevant than ever. If you updated the song what things would you mention in it?

One Law, is one of my favourite songs, in some ways it will be relevant to any time, i don't think i would ever change it.

What did you make of "Kings of Streetpunk"? I thought "Glory Days" was excellent but so many bands on there just revamped old songs....

I liked the majority of the album, i hadn't listened to much alternative music over the years, so didn't realise they were mostly old songs. Here comes the sun, and the one in the style of the Clash were my favourites.

In the 90's a bootleg emerged with "Seems to Me" and "Norman". I can't remember if you (or Panther) were singing on it but any idea where this originated, and what are your views on bootlegs?

I had nothing to do with those songs, i have no real problem with bootlegs, music should be free (I'm glad about that ! I can stop calling myself Felling Mick when I go round flogging my badges now! - ED)

Did you or the band get paid for the umpteen reissues on Step 1, Captain Oi etc?

I have had the odd royalty cheque from Link Music over the years, No more than about £500 over the last 20 years. Bit of a personal question that though!

There was a CD that came out "**Secret Life of the 4-Skins**" which i seem to remember had a 5 track Peel session on it. Any memories of that? Did it get pulled after Southall?

We done the Peel session early on, i have no idea what became of it after the first airing.



4 - Skins

Got any views on...

a) ID cards? b) Iraq war? c) the recent Diana inquest ?

ID cards are just another step down the 'Big Brother' road that this country is going down.

I don't support the war, it was an excuse to grab oil, but while our troops are out there i will support them 1000%

Diana inquest-What a waste of time and money, is anyone really interested (*probably not in Diana as such, but the strong possibility that the powers that be could bump off someone so high profile and get away with it-ED*)

Considering Labour are now almost identical to The Tories, is British politics all over for the working class?

Tony Blair moved Labour to the right to grab the votes of middle England, what real choice have the working class got now, Who speaks for them?

Cheers for the answers Gary and Milky for the help and lets hope Blackpool goes as well as Germany (see pic)

TV SMITH & THE BORED TEENAGERS - Live At The 100 Club DVD (WDF)

Bang on timing for this release. The punk scene lately has been a farce with thousands of bland Americanised punk bands with out of tune vocals and bugged all to say. Move over and let a 51 year old show you how it's done. "Crossing The Red Sea" is one of those records that makes you feel helplessly nostalgic. When we were kids we wandered the streets with an old tape recorder powered by batteries that we stole from Ever Ready tip and THE ADVERTS were probably the only band who made it onto our compilations by sheer musical genius as opposed to "offence" value. I have seen TV Smith with 1977 (local covers band) and GARDEN GANG (German band) and on all occasions they were fantastic. And on this DVD marking 30 years since that classic 1st LP he's backed by Spanish band LOS QUATTROS in the legendary and pleasantly intimate venue The 100 Club. Here you get all of CTRS, the odd single, plus "The Adverts" from the 2nd LP (sounding FAR superior here) and by far the best song off his 2007 album, "Good Times Are Back", a fiendishly sarcastic and brilliantly worded putdown on "help" lines and such.

The irony is that if you turned the clock back 30 years you would find most of the people who run the New Labour farce had similar politics to TV; maybe they even sang along to the disabled rights song "On Wheels" before 30 years later persecuting them to show off to their new tabloid masters. Also comes with a solo set from the Bull & Gate which also sees TV in fine form and while not as impressive as the full band treatment, songs like "Not In My Name" are more than good enough to stand up on their own. (9/10)

LEE 'SCRATCH' PERRY - At The Jazz Café DVD (www.secretrecordsltd.com) There is also a CD version of this (see reviews near back), a performance at the Jazz Club in Camden from last year. I know fuck all about reggae, the closest I really got is when **Bad Brains** ditched the HC, and to the untrained ear (ie mine) this sounds like a laid back version of that (without the heavy guitars etc). If Lee Perry was a boxer he'd be Chris Eubank. Eccentric to the max, he walks down the stairs of the venue dressed like some bizarre medieval king, plastered in jewellery that would put yer average charver to shame. There are few lyrics that I managed to grasp but the words "peace", "George Bush" and "Tony Blair" lead me to believe he ain't gonna sign up with the Bilderberg War Pigs.

DVDs

NARDUWAR - Welcome to My Castle DVD (Mint)

Canada's answer to Dennis Pennis is back with 5+ hours of unseen footage from the 90's and bonus stuff including his band **The Evaporators** that Dawn correctly diagnosed as sounding a bit like **The Hives** (with a bit of McRackins costume thrown in there). Nard is a glut of information but his OTT high pitched manner only aggravates his 'targets'. Some of this is pretty throwaway as you simply have no interest in the subjects (or any idea of who they are) but the clip where he asks the evangelist preacher "*can you cure stupidity?*" is well worth seeing again, and when Nard comes back for **Jello Biafra**, Jello is ready with a marker pen and proceeds to write all over his face. It's also surprising to see how clued up bands like **Sonic Youth** are on their old punk stuff, and he meets his match with the singer from **The Muffs/Pandoras**.

Once again it's time for the subtle ramblings of the delightful
MIKE HUNT. If easily offended, fuck off now....

TREV HAGL AND THE FEAR OF A TORY PLANET

There's something going on you know, in the skies above
gods own county of Durham. A big black oblique spheroid of
metal and menace is brooding like some big coiled mass of
ancient rage, somewhere over Stanley. All these years, we've
been wondering what Trev was doing with his money and now
we see : the crafty cunt is building a Death Star.

So why now? Viewers of the Conflict web site will see Trev's
fear of the incoming Tory government. This is the debate
everywhere I go- we hate the Labour party but fucking hell,
remember the Tories?

Looking at Labour's record though, I think that I'm more
scared of *them* getting in again- an illegal war killing 100
times more than Thatcher, Pakistani dictators courted instead
of Pinochet, Saudi dictators given blow jobs in ten Downing
Street by girl guides (I think), more people in prison than
China per head, Trident missiles instead of Cruise, aid to
Columbia state sponsored death squads instead of
Nicaraguan, less council houses, giving money and control of
school curriculum's to creationist Christian cock sucking
motherfuckers, more roads, more airports, the end to GP
surgeries, fucking with the post office, increasing the tax
burden onto the poor....



Thing is, while I view labour
MP's with contempt, I get
medieval with the Tories- is it
just me, or when you imagine
what you'd like to do to Tories,
does it usually involve sexual
humiliation?

For example, I'd like to make a
giant bugging machine and
set it loose on Boris Johnson.

It's ok to start an illegal war and use taxpayers money to pay
for your wanker children to wank round London like the cunts
they are, but imagine the outrage when people see George
Osborne, vacuum packed in a dolphin skin, oiled up and
inserted by bondage dwarves into my terrifying blood pumping
vagina-tron!

Is this an over reaction? Are my giant bugging machine and
Trev's Death Star childish expressions of an outdated class
war we lost in 1985? That's what the Labour Party think. With
Labour MP's, who I always imagine as a table of loud yapping
yuppie cybermen shouting into their cell phones, outside a
pub next to the river at Kew, masturbating onto paper plates
of cocktail sausages as they listen to Handel's Messiah on
classic FM, I usually just feel violently aggrieved.

MIKE HUNT

the people's cunt,
city of bastards

CHARVER SCUM

Tories though bring out the devil inside. But if they are
coming, then we need to move on Trev- we need to be
positive, to link pinks and make the caring circle- to think
outside the box in a new age tofu café in Jesmond and
decide; What good might the Tories do? Well then, what
about the pledge to slaughter the lifestyle of the Charver
scum? Charver, for any southerners reading this fanzine by
mistake, are not "Chavs". They are vile feral wastes of skin
who ruin everything around them, take what they can, whine,
whinge, complain, and, having worked with them, they also
fucking stink of piss. They are lying, bullshitting, bullying



And they're only 21. Why the Tories might save us here is
that the Tories understand evolution. Evolution never goes
backwards, only forwards, and I fear that the charver scum
are evolving into an advanced species.

With a capacity to exploit- and no one can doubt their
reproductive abilities or shorter generational adaptations- their
aggressive defence of resources (they are the most violent
and hostile towards asylum seekers who, the charver scum
believe, take from the same pot as them. That many asylum
seekers work like dogs for fascist feudal farmers and other
gang master scum is ignored. That benefit money belongs to
the charvers) is tpvoical of anv successful invasive and
parasitic organism.

In ecological terms, the charver is an r strategist- typical of
ephemeral weeds, rats and lemmings, while *Homo sapiens* is
a K strategist, typical of larger mammals and oak trees. r
strategists typically expand rapidly in population, expect a
high mortality rate, reproduce freely and easily, find mates
without trouble and their populations rise and rise until
ecological balance is altered when, typically, their populations
collapse. This could be a reasonable plague or a good bout of
trench warfare.

I'm not saying that this in itself is a reason to vote Tory, who's
workfare scheme would kill a high percentage of charvers, but
fuck, is it really worth building a death star about?

FIRST THERE WAS A DOZEN

I'm actually far more worried about the Catholics than the
Tories at the moment. The congregations are up and they are
again exerting pressure and having their superstitious
medieval opinions heard at a national level, on issues like
abortion and embryo research. There is nothing worse than
Christianity. Nothing. Plague is not as bad as Christianity, as
of course, they fucking spread it.

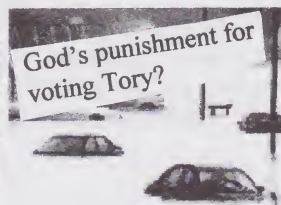
Priests at the moment are opposing the embryo research bill.
It offends their young-boys-arse-fucking morals. It's a weird
one for them to get up in arms about. I don't remember them
coming out to help when things I saw disgusted or morally
repulsed me. The house of lords signing up the back
woodsmen to pass the poll tax in 1989. Where were they
then? Living in the past am I? That's rich from someone who
goes on and on about Jesus.

I think they are missing the point here. More embryo research means we will live longer. More old people means more people in church- so why don't they get this? Is it because priests don't like old people? Of course Mr Hunt. Its because old people's arseholes are not as soft

Yet rather than attack the Christian menace, the Tory press are still on an Islamophobic alert. They are still pushing the discredited lies about imminent attacks and the foiling of them by our brilliant security services. Why though do they say Islamists? When the IRA bombed London, we didn't read that London had been attacked by Catholics did we. Or that the catholic faith should be banned- although that would have saved many young boys from a serious arsing. Hey Ester, WHAT ABOUT OUR CHILDREN?

Supporters club. Lets forget the arrogant condescending bastards. Lets forget and forgive their rush to embrace share ownership and the destruction of our public utilities. Lets forgive them, and shed a tear for all the cunts who are buying

houses up here to rent out, making more money for themselves and making life harder up here. Lets forgive them for Tory governments and the profits they have made on the backs of the suffering of the north. Lets organise a benefit concert. Lets raise the money to give them all the dinghies and sun cream they'll need.



"Southern Cunt Aid" we'll call it, and then they can all-fuck off to France.

And anyway, all that bother in Gloucester last year with the floods- have you never heard what happened to Dr Foster when he

went to Gloucester in a shower of rain? Did you not expect it? No fucking sympathy if you are not going to do your research. A fence blew over in Cheltenham. Woo Hoo! Hey that's terrible! It'll be first thing on the news. Fucking Tories. Fuck I hate them. When's that fucking Death Star ready Trev?

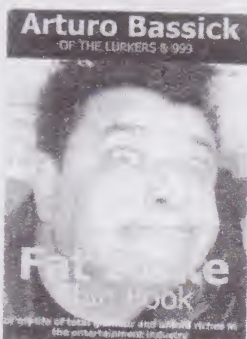
Mike Hunt

DR FOSTER

The South East is heating up, its getting scorched and they are on about tanking down MY water from the north, to the south, to relieve their self inflicted suffering. I think we should help. I think its time to forget yuppies. Its time to forget Thatcher, forget the Kent branch of the Manchester United

ARTURO BASSICK - FAT BLOKE , THIN BOOK (Bassick)

Thin book it might be, but this has more stuff of interest than most autobiographies. Starting with his childhood (bullied for having original thoughts and ideas (Chelsea fans!)) Arthur takes us on a rollercoaster of punk and rock n roll. How he (and Esso) got their names, how The Lurkers fucked it up for themselves by not taking the business side seriously, Arthur's dismay at the Stranglers' publicist who put stunts before the fans, his observation of the original Oi movement and skins/punks fighting each other ("if that aggression could've been harnessed properly, Thatcher would've been out of a job and the miners wouldn't have lost their struggle for working class jobs").



He tells you about the film Punk In London, and his surprise appearance as Shampoo's Dad in their video for "trouble", when Phil Mitchell (the original choice) went in the huff and walked off set. About the times he met Sting, Stuart Pearce, Die Toten Hosen, and Adam Ant (whom he took the piss out of for being a dandy highwayman, but they ended up mates), being ripped off for a dodgy guitar by Mark Knopler (Dire Straits), travelling 100's of miles to play crusty venues with leaking roofs, auditioning for the Buzzcocks, joining 999, his days in Pinpoint, being the on-stage entertainment for Cock Sparrer (with his whippets!) touring the US with the Business, his brilliant observations on covers bands and finally

where the other Lurkers are now. Arthur is one of the most sussed (and approachable) blokes you could ever hope to meet, my only complaint here is that several pages are given to old press cuttings which, because they're 'dot-screened' are barely readable. Arthur has had such an interesting life, and is such a great storyteller, that I would've liked more tales instead, but a great book anyway. Order it for £7.50ppd (UK) via the website at www.thelurkers.co.uk

INTO THE DEVIL'S DEN by Dave Hall & Tym Burkey with Katherine Ramsland (Ballantine Books)

Dave Hall is a 17 stone biker facing a drugs charge. Tym Burkey is an FBI agent who - for a word in the judges ear - wants his pound of flesh. Hall refuses to spy on his local biking gang The Outlaws, but notices one of them is friendly with the leader of *The Church of Jesus Christ Christian* - imagine yer typical loony US set up, but with a Nazi twist. He is assigned to infiltrate them, which he does with such professionalism not even his bird knows of his secret life.

She accuses him of having an affair due to his sudden absences, and finally walks out when she finds his Aryan Nations membership card, thinking he really is one of them. By then Dave is emerged in undercover activities, a very lonely existence with only his dog for (non Nazi) company. Then his dog dies just as things are getting serious and he has to face the ever paranoid wrath of Pastor Ray Redfearn and, when he's doing time, his stand in deputies. He manages not to bottle it when faced with guns, and a trip to desolate woodland, and they are then convinced he is one of them. All kinds of crazy stuff, weird rituals, attempts at provoking race riots (setting up a rally opposite a black estate, with speakers dissing "mud races" and saying things like "we should never have learnt the niggers how to read and write"), there's talk of murdering a lawyer who acted against the KKK, and even taunting armed FBI officers at their compound! Despite being on the edge of a mental breakdown, Dave hangs on in there until the bitter end, finally getting out when mass arrests are made, but not without drawbacks as he is forced to live in isolation under another identity. Dawn got me this from Amazon (US book, not available in Waterstones) and it's one of those you can't put down.



OI POLLOI

In this nuts world where a ventriloquist's dummy is elected Mayor of London and the working class smack themselves in the face at every turn, it's refreshing to see someone with the same principles that he had in the 80's. Welcome back Deek for another epic...

There were some serious shenanigans in Switzerland a year or two ago with the fash - tell us about that...

Yeah, last summer when we played this anti-fascist gig in Berne they planted a bomb in the hall timed to go off in the middle of our set. It was some kind of firebomb with containers of petrol attached to a timing device in a big rucksack. Thankfully someone noticed the smell coming from it, realised it was a bit suspicious and so someone very bravely carried it outside just in time. Just after they got it outside it exploded in a twenty foot fireball so I hate to think what would have happened if it had gone off inside the hall. When the cops came they tried to play the whole thing down and in the media afterwards they totally lied and talked about there being only a "flash" coming from the rucksack - that's one way of describing a twenty foot ball of flames! Tossers. Needless to say we'll be back playing the gig again this year to finish our rudely interrupted set - you can't surrender to these fuckers.

On the latest EP Mind Yer Bollocks, you're masked up on the cover - is this because things are getting a bit dangerous!?

Well, really, I suppose there's always a certain amount of danger to anyone in a band that speaks out politically. There will be plenty of other bands who have had grief like us but, as your last question indicated, the fash certainly don't like us. We had the dubious honour of being featured on their "Redwatch" website (so we must be doing something right!) and I've been attacked a couple of times in Edinburgh by nazis because of our anti-fascist stance - luckily both times I emerged pretty unscathed thankfully - though sadly not due to any incredibly hard streetfighting skills on my part I'm afraid!

We've also had aggro at a few gigs over the years - one particular one in Estonia ending up with us having to physically fight our way out of the venue while being attacked by half the audience of nazi boneheads - and local punks who sided with them. When we managed to get outside and onto our bus we were totally surrounded by scores of these fuckers all kicking and chucking stuff at us as we tried to get away and the Finnish bands we were touring

with had their van windows smashed too - fucking nightmare. Again, thankfully though, we were all ok and I'm glad to say that wasn't the case for the nazis. Amazingly enough afterwards the incident was reported on some Finnish nazi website which praised us and the Finns for "fighting proudly for Finland" against the "dirty Estonians" - really crazy - these idiots crack me up.

Being masked up hasn't actually got anything to do with that at all though. There's so many photos of us on the internet now that have been taken at gigs over the years that that would really be a case of locking the stable door after the horse has bolted I think. We just used that pic cos it had the antifascist slogan on the t-shirt and I'd rather have some message in a photo if possible. We went through a period of doing quite a lot of gigs in balaclavas and so on as it can have quite a powerful effect and we like the idea of it not being about individual personalities and who is in the band but about the message that you're trying to get across. Some people's reactions are really weird though - they really want to see the faces behind the masks for some reason and we'd get people jumping on stage and trying to pull the masks off or trying to get them off just as we'd leave the stage - we'd think we were getting attacked but they just wanted to see who we were! Then sometimes someone would shout out "Why are you wearing a mask?" and for a joke I'd say "Because I'm really fucking ugly" and then afterwards you'd get these folk who take it seriously and try to persuade me that I'm really not that ugly after all! I can see I'm setting myself up for one of your witty "ED" comments in brackets here Trev! Anyway we haven't done this for a while now - one reason being that if there are stagelights it can be really unpleasantly hot - and if there are only eyeholes it's not always too easy to sing through! How we suffer for our art eh? Just hope the kids appreciate it!



Are you still living on an island and if so what's it like? What would you do if the only pub only sold Fosters?

I lived on the Isle of Skye for a few years while I was at the Gaelic college there and it was pretty good all things considered. It's a very beautiful part of the world, especially down in the south of the island where the college is and with the Skye bridge there are good links to the mainland so you're only 4 and a half hours away from Edinburgh and Glasgow by car which is handy for weekends as there's often not so much on in a rural area like that. Of course there were still these ridiculous tolls on the bridge when I was there - a charge of more than a FIVER for a one way trip that took less than a minute!! So if a tourist wanted to come over to the island for a day trip it would cost them more than 11 quid!! Needless to say it didn't exactly help the island's economy. If you lived there you could get books of cheaper tickets but you had to buy twenty in advance and they still cost a quid fifty odd each way - fucking total rip-off.



You won't be surprised to hear that this wonderful scheme was the brainchild of the Tories. We could have had the bridge for free with money from the EU but the Tories decided instead that it would be a good way to test out their Private Finance Initiative plans with a big project like this in an isolated area where they thought that the locals wouldn't fight back. The whole scheme was totally illegal it turned out in the end with documents that hadn't even been properly drawn up and huge payments to big construction companies who by a strange coincidence also happened to be big donors to the Conservative party - and of course cost the taxpayer vastly more than it should have - not to mention the extortion the poor islanders faced if they wanted to get off the island. There had been a very much cheaper ferry service so first the government increased the ferry charges drastically prior to the bridge opening so that it could then claim the bridge charges were at a similar level and then, when the bridge opened, these champions of "free market competition" actually made the ferry illegal so that you had

no choice but to use the bridge! A lot of the financing was really dodgy too involving the "Bank of America" who used to be known as the Bank of Italy which gives you an idea of how sketchy the whole thing was. There's an excellent account of the whole business in George Monbiot's book "Captive State: The Corporate Takeover of Britain" which I'd recommend to everyone. Thankfully though the government seriously underestimated the locals who they had probably written off as a "bunch of stupid teuchters" and they got a nasty shock when a campaign of mass non-payment of tolls started along with all kinds of crazy actions and demos. I remember being on one on the bridge one time when all these crofters were stopping all the traffic as they brought all their sheep with them and then another time coming back at night from the mainland in a car and as we got near the toll we could see someone had previously just smashed through the barrier and it was lying broken on the road. My mate just put the foot down and we blasted through too as all these flashing lights went on and the guard came running out after us in a rage. There was quite a lot of stuff like that went on and the courts in Inverness were totally clogged up with non-payment cases.

Eventually, to the delight of all the islanders, the campaign was successful and the tolls were removed - but only, of course, after the government had had to buy out the Bank of America's contract to collect the tolls - again at vastly inflated cost to the taxpayer. The whole thing was a total fucking disgrace - like all the rest of these PFIs and "Public Private Partnership" schemes - a total rip-off for us and a nice little earner for the big corporate donors to the government.

Anyway that was the Isle of Skye which is generally pretty cool and I really enjoyed it, especially cycling to college every day in the clean air along the coastal road looking out at these spectacular mountains - a literal breath of fresh air from the busy city life of Edinburgh. Unluckily for me though I subsequently had another 18 months or so working on the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides and that was quite another story. The Outer Hebrides are really the Gaelic heartland nowadays and in Lewis Gaelic is most people's first language - you hear it in the streets and use it in shops, pubs and the banks and so on and in the different places that I worked there it was the language used in the office, out on location and in the pub after work too. That side of things was great and there are some beautiful beaches and crazy standing stones there too as well. The Callanish stone circle that is on the front of our last LP is there and it is pretty spectacular. As a result you get quite a lot of these "crust punk tourist" types often coming up to Lewis to visit the island and see the stones and so on and that's cool but we'd then get them, particularly the Americans for some reason, coming up to us at gigs saying stuff like "Yeah, man, you live on Lewis! Wow, man that's so cool - that place is so like, Celtic and magical, you're so lucky dude!" etc - yeah, well, it probably is magical if you come for a few days in the summer, take some mushrooms or something and then fuck off - but it's a different matter if you have to live there all year round! It's no exaggeration to

say that it rains 80% of the time (which is a total pain if you have no car - I had to keep a second set of clothes at work in the end as I always got soaked on the way in) and the place is totally fucked up with this really crazy extreme brand of Christianity - the so-called "Free Church". They keep virtually everything closed on Sunday and there's even no ferry thanks to these characters so you can't even escape to the mainland for a weekend away if you are working. If you dare to do anything like hang out your washing to dry on the Sabbath then you'll have people from the church coming round to your house to hassle you about it. They even chain up the swings in children's parks on Sunday so that the kids can't play on them!! Now, I'm all in favour of having Sunday as a day off (mainly so that bosses can't force workers to work all the time) but this is just sick. Partly as a result of this stifling religion, anyone who thinks vaguely differently leaves the island at the age of about 17 so it's not exactly got a thriving punk scene either. My girlfriend and I did do something to remedy this though by bringing over a few bands from the mainland to rock the kids and that went quite well as we even got over 100 in the audience one time as decent music seemed to appeal to a lot of the teenagers. It was actually classic when the Dangerfields came over - the first thing they said was "Right, we hear that you're all quite religious here - this one is about worshipping Satan!" and the kids loved it. When Atomgevitter came over I think they thought the place was a bit like something out of that film the "Wicker Man" but Roddy the singer actually ended up learning Gaelic afterwards as a result and he can now speak it pretty fluently. Oi Polloi played there last year after I was no longer living there and we had a grand total of ONE punter at the gig!! Classic. It was also of course the first time we get filmed for TV - brilliant!! A very strange place - very bleak, rocky and windswept - you could describe it as a bit like the moon - but with rain - and sheep.

To be fair though it's not all bad, I did work with some very nice people and there's definitely some very positive things about the small close-knit community. When Sned came over to visit, he went to hire a bike and couldn't believe how trusting and easy going the hire place was - and there's the usual stuff about people not having to bother locking their doors or their cars etc - it's another world really and I would certainly recommend a visit to anyone - just go in the summer and bring your waterproofs and some insect repellent!

As to the last part of the question, the short term solution would be homebrew but in the long term, faced with a life with no alternative but Fosters, relocation would be the only option!!

Attila the Stockbroker did a good piece on My Space condemning Islamic Fundamentalism and said that some on the left actually defended it . Can you believe that?

Yes, I can believe that - nothing surprises me these days and there are always some people who take this "my enemy's

enemy is my friend" stuff to levels of total stupidity. While it is certainly true that the mainstream media is having a field day whipping up scare stories about muslims and "crazed Islamic terrorists" and that many of the most enthusiastic proponents of this stuff are total rightwing tossers, that doesn't alter the fact that religious fundamentalism - whether it be Christian, Muslim or whatever - is a load of total shit. To come out in defence of any kind of intolerance and crazed conservative religion just because someone you don't like is against it is seriously misguided. It's a bit like some of these groups who defended Saddam Hussein just because he was against the Americans. Yeah, of course the war was totally based on lies and greed for oil and regional control but that didn't mean Saddam was a cool guy - they seemed to forget that he had the enthusiastic support of the Americans in wiping out a lot of the Iraqi trade unionists and workers' organisers when he first came to power - the guy was a fucking tosser - just like Bush, Blair and co. In Germany, on the other hand, when we're on tour we often come across the other end of the spectrum - this totally fucked up philosophy espoused by the so-called "Anti-Deutschen" or "Anti-Germans" who are unfortunately nowadays quite widespread in the political punk scene there.

OI POLLOI



BASH THE FASH!

Their basic thing is that they are against German nationalism and neo-Nazis which is fair enough but, obviously because of their history, they take this to really crazy extremes. They say for instance that you cannot criticise the United States "because the US helped defeat Nazi Germany" (by that logic of course you also couldn't criticise what the Russians have done in Chechnya) and that you shouldn't go on anti-war marches against the Iraq occupation etc because they are only "anti-American" and organised by "old nazis who cannot forgive the US for destroying the Third Reich". Many of them even deliberately drink Coke and eat in McDonalds to show "solidarity with America" - insane! When we played in Cologne a few years ago we were talking about Nicaragua and the US bankrolling of the rightwing Contra terrorists against the Nicaraguan revolution and we suddenly got faced with a whole section of the crowd chanting "USA! USA!" - unbelievable - we thought it was a joke at first but sadly it wasn't - and this is from people who describe themselves as

leftists! It gets worse though - there is one venue they control near Leipzig where they state "Never again will any band shout 'Fuck Bush' from our stage" (needless to say we won't be playing there any time soon) and some of them describe the US as the world's "last hope against fascism" and even have badges with a picture of Bush's face and the word "Antifa" (short for antifascist/m) underneath!! We've even seen them describe the US as "utopia" and "heaven on earth" much like those arseholes from that "Conservative Punk" website (talk about contradiction in terms or what?) who of course they also support - just totally disconnected from reality. This is a country based on the genocide of the indigenous people and built up on slave labour and racism, a country which imprisons more people than any other country in the world (it now has over 2 million prisoners or over 1% of the population in jail), a country which executes people by electrocution, firing squad or lethal injection of chemicals which can take a significant amount of time to kill, a country where the remaining indigenous inhabitants are so badly treated that some of them like the Lakotah have actually



declared independence from the US, a country where they routinely kidnap and torture suspects not to even start on all the illegal wars and support for tossers like Pinochet etc - and it is described as "utopia" and the "last hope against fascism"!! Then of course there is the US support for Israel which they totally love - and if you say anything against the Israeli occupation of the West Bank etc then you are instantly labelled as an "anti-semite" and/or a nazi. As a result we get a load of problems in Germany as we want to see an end to the occupation and a bit of freedom and justice for the Palestinians. This doesn't go down well with people who describe the Israeli army as "the Anti fascist Action of the middle east"(!), come out with such intelligent slogans as "Fuck the Palestinians" and even, on the outbreak of war against Iraq, turned up at an antiwar demonstration in Berlin with bottles of champagne to celebrate the attack on Israel's enemy! Really, really fucked up - anyone who could toast the start of the Iraq disaster with champagne needs their fucking head examined - sick people. Anyway as we've spoken out against the occupation we've ended up in their bad books of course and get labelled as an "antisemitic" band - along with such other evil "antisemites" as Propaghandi, Banda Bassoti, Sin Dios etc - you get the

picture. Just before we toured Germany last in December they put out this article about us that went all over the net describing us as "Punk Jihad" and claiming amongst other things that we were calling for "pogroms" and the "destruction of the Jewish race" and that we only have anti-nazi songs to hide the fact that we are fascist sympathisers ourselves!! In Munich we actually had some people picketing the gig - not that it had any effect I'm glad to say as the place was packed out and most folk just laughed at the leaflets - and in another place some of these idiots tried to stop our concert with the slogan "Stop the neo-nazi concert!" - really crazy - only in Germany could this kind of nonsense happen. It has totally split the once strong antifascist movement there though with the traditional anti-imperialist wing who oppose US imperialism and the Israeli occupation etc now having to deal with these idiots who turn up on anti-fascist demonstrations waving the American and Israeli flags - and more recently, since Blair and Brown have been such enthusiastic supporters of the US - the Union Jack!! There have been several cases of violence breaking out on marches between the two groups while of course the fascists and the cops are just laughing. The neo-nazi groups and the state are the only winners here and the security services wouldn't be doing their job if they aren't mixed up in promoting this anti-Deutsch nonsense somewhere. The Anti-Deutschen definitely spend a lot more time and effort attacking other leftists, anti-fascists and peace campaigners than they do combatting the fash (their online list of antisemitic bands for instance contains plenty anarcho-punk bands like ourselves and Propaghandi etc but interestingly enough not a single nazi band like Skrewdriver, No Remorse, Landser etc) - and that is always a tell-tale sign of who is really pulling the strings behind it all. Brings to mind the FBI's Cointelpro stuff where they smeared all these political activists in the US and set them fighting each other - we've got to try to be smarter than that.

Have you ever been ripped off?

Fuck, where do we start?! I could fill your whole zine answering this one! Before I get into the gory details though I'd just say this to anyone reading this who is in a band that is just starting out: if at all possible try to keep control of your stuff and do as much of it yourself as possible because sadly, much as we might like it to be otherwise, there still seem to be just as many fucking sharks and rip-off merchants involved in the punk scene as in the commercial music scene - and yes, I'm speaking with the benefit of bitter experience. It is true that some of the offenders may not have started out with the intention of ripping people off but for various reasons like inability to deal with money properly, getting in over their heads or having other personal problems they end up shafting the bands they've been dealing with and the end result is the same - the poor mugs in the band end up losing out. As we've never had the money or the time to put out all our records ourselves we've been ripped off too many times to mention and honestly it would be a full time job now trying to keep track of all the tossers

ripping us off in one way or another. Anyway I know you're after some juicy details Trev so let's start naming names. One of the first that springs to mind would be Dunc who used to be in Riot Squad and who ran Rot Records. He was doing some compilation LP and wanted a couple of tracks so we let him use "Thugs in Uniform" and "Never give in" I think and sent him a master tape that he could take them off. I think we got about three copies of the LP back - not even one for each member of the band! Not only that though but he didn't return the master tape either and subsequently just lifted other tracks off it without our permission to use on various other shitty compilations that he put out. We only found out about these when we saw them in the shops years later!

Even more annoying was the fact that as he didn't know what these tracks on the master he was using were called (we'd only told him about the two tracks we'd allowed him to use) he just guessed at the names so he labelled our song "Minority Authority" as "Silent Minority" on one LP and, on another, our track "Stop Vivisection Now" was down as "Stop the Recession Now"!!! Fucking ridiculous - and now these tracks are available to download on iTunes too under those names so we're in the process of trying to put a stop to that right now as needless to say no one has been paying us anything for them. Another one that is on iTunes is our track "Leaders" that we had let Mystic Records from the US use for a compilation LP they were doing that was compiled by Tez from Instigators - to this day we've never even seen a copy of the record let alone receive any payment. This stuff pales in comparison with some of the tossers who've ripped us off in bigger ways though. First would be Karl from Words of Warning records who started off ok and he was a good mate but after his band the Beggars got big and he got to hang out on tour buses and in TV studios etc with them he totally changed and became a bit of a money man. He then ran up a load of debt with Southern distribution over some other projects he was involved in and put out this CD version of our "In Defence of Our Earth" LP in an effort to pay them back. We only ever saw about 70 copies of it and the whole thing was put together really quickly and shoddily, no sleeve notes, lyrics typed out with spelling mistakes, really shit cover and we never knew about it until it was actually out. The fact that it was such a shit package is really annoying too over and above being ripped off for the money because we always like to make the releases look good and fill them with loads of info if possible and this just looked totally shit - some of the background graphics he used I even recognised from this fanzine interview he had obviously just cut out to use - unbelievable. Another similar stunt was this totally shit rip-off CD "The Oi Years" distributed by this guy Mark from Bronco Bullfrog distribution in Spain - it was a collection of some of the stuff we'd earlier put out on Oi Records in a really shitty photocopied cover with no sleeve notes or anything - not just a rip-off of us but of anyone who was stupid enough to buy it too. We re-released "Unite and Win" with a load of extra tracks and proper pull out info-booklet so that if people wanted this stuff they could get a decent package and

without paying money into the hands of a rip-off merchant. I could name a few other folk who tried to rip us off over records like the guy who did our first EP (we got that money back by not paying for t-shirts he'd sent us and by playing dumb, agreeing to record more for him and then keeping money he sent us to record an LP so we were quits on that one) but it's only fair to point out that obviously not all the punk record labels are like that. Tim from C.O.R. paid us and AOA for the split we did, Vince from Released Emotions helped us a lot, Sean from Rugger Bugger was brilliant and special mention must go to Roddy from Oi Records who was great. It was quite ironic that when we released stuff on his label there were folk slagging us off for it because it was an "Oi" label and not an anarcho one and yet there he was really helping the bands, paying them properly and totally standing up against fascism (even in the face of death threats) while some of the very well known so-called "anarchist" labels were run by total hypocrites and rip-off merchants - and I'm obviously not talking about CRASS here.



Of course releasing recorded material is only one side of being in a band. Playing live is the other side and here again there are plenty fuckers who are only too happy to rip you off if they can possibly get away with it. First one that springs to mind would be this festival we did in Europe a couple of years ago "Trashfest" - it was mostly hardcore bands but they had asked us to play and, as we had another gig not that far away the day after, we agreed to do it even though they couldn't pay our full costs. Well, come the end of the night and the promoter who was supposed to pay us was nowhere in sight having fucked off already - the oldest trick in the book. This other UK band were also having trouble getting paid and they were getting really fucked around - young guys I remember but I can't remember the band name - anyway we eventually got the bulk of the money but all in fucking uselessly small Euro coins that were a real pain - but it wasn't what we'd agreed and despite loads of e-mails they never paid up claiming they couldn't transfer the money to us or something. Finally we asked them then to just give the money to their local anti-fascist or prisoners' support group and send us the receipt but no, nothing - fucking tossers. The other one that sticks in my

mind was the last Punk Aid festival we did. We're usually totally against these kind of big events but as this was apparently to "raise money for kids with severe special needs" we made an exception. At the end of the night, the promoter Tim (from Los Paraliticos el Sanatorium) said that they hadn't got all the money sorted yet and could they send us a cheque a day or two later. That should have set the old alarm bell ringing but they'd treated us ok the year before so old muggins here said "Yeah, no problem" and of course no cheque ever came. It really left me in the shit cos my girlfriend and I had paid the transport costs at the time and we were relying on getting the money back to have food for the rest of the month - we had no savings at the time, the rest of the band were skint too and were stuck on that fucking island that I previously mentioned so we didn't really know anyone who we could borrow dosh off either. It was a fucking nightmare - we'd have to go out picking blackberries to have something vaguely interesting to eat and scouring the public phone boxes for coins people had forgotten to get money to buy bread! Then every day I'd be e-mailing Tim from the library and saying "we've got no money" but he'd be "Yeah, mate, we lost a lot too, we lose every year - we never make a penny, mate" which begs the question of course how can you bill something that "never makes any money" as a "benefit" gig and how can you invite bands to play when you know that you won't have enough money to pay them?? In the end after months of hassling him we eventually got a few Punk Aid CDs off him but it wasn't enough to cover our costs and it still leaves a bitter taste to think about it. As a result of stuff like that we now have to be a bit harder at gigs which is a shame really as ideally in the punk scene you should be able to trust people. I guess most times you can but these few arseholes can make you suspicious and if, like us, your band is run on a shoe-string budget and struggling to break even then you can't afford to take the chance to get shafted again as it means you won't be eating when you get home! So, like I say, we take a harder line now - once in Finland at the end of the night the promoters were like "No, you can't get paid now, you have to go to this office on the other side of the town in the morning and you'll get the money then" and we were like "Yeah, right! Ok, we'll just take the mixing desk instead then" and started to move it. Needless to say they paid up on the spot.



That's not to say that attempting to take payment in another

way if the promoters don't give you what was agreed always works out though. One time in Germany we'd played at this place and they hadn't given us our agreed costs at the end of the night. Naturally we were none too amused but, as we were sleeping in the venue, when we got up early in the morning to leave and no one else was around we thought right, we can take the remainder of our costs in the form of "liberated" booze from behind the bar. We were lucky enough to be touring in a pretty spacious vehicle on that tour so there was plenty of room for the half a dozen crates of Becks that we soon had loaded up and we were off on our way. A couple of hours later down the autobahn we thought we'd break out a few bottles and start getting in the mood for the night's gig only to find, to our horror, staring in our face on the beer's labels, the dreaded words "Alkohol-Frei"!! Fucking six crates of alcohol free beer! That night though it was a case of "Free Beer for the Punx" as we dished the stuff out from the stage and most of the audience were too pissed to notice so at least some folk were happy! Win some, lose some I guess.

Most punk gigs in Newcastle are now held at Carling Academy where it's £3.15 a tin and you're not even allowed out for food or a tab. Is punk dead?

I guess the answer to this one partly depends on what exactly "punk" means to you as we all know it means a lot of different things to different people. Personally though, since it means a lot more to me than simply the musical style, I'd have to say that yeah, if this was all there is left in the way of punk events then, yes, it would certainly be dead as anything more than just another type of music, it would be dead in spirit. As a band, though, we've always felt that punk wasn't just about the music but also about an attitude and philosophy as well. It's not always easy to nail down exactly what that means but I think a lot of people would agree that a kind of "anyone can do it" DIY ethic is in there as well as an aim to empower ourselves and take control of our own lives rather than being fucked around by external authorities. It's also about creating alternatives to the stale old status quo and to big business commercialism. Now, the kind of gig you describe sounds like typical music business commercialism and being ripped off for booze and ordered around by bow-tied thugs ain't exactly very empowering either. I'd have to say that I lump that kind of thing in with these big punk festivals like "Holidays in the Sun" and "Wasted" and so on which we fucking detest and will never, ever be involved in. Of course we can understand that people can go for the weekend and have a good time, see loads of bands and meet old friends etc and that is great as far as it goes but we think punk is about a little bit more than that and the bottom line is that these festivals are all about making money for the promoters. They also seem to be totally de-politicised and sometimes horribly reminiscent of these old Teddy Boy festivals at Butlins holiday camps that we used to laugh at mockingly as kids. It doesn't have to be like this at all though. We can take our music back and out

The good news is that punk is most definitely NOT dead because there ARE still plenty of alternatives out there. In Newcastle for instance we know that there was a totally free gig with loads of bands the other month as we almost played at it and in fact in May we'll be down your way playing as part of the Anarchist "Projectile" festival - an event that is combining decent radical politics with good music -and of course hopefully a good piss-up! In Europe we also regularly play at big festivals that are totally controlled by the punks. You have all the same benefits of a good weekend and chance to see loads of bands and hang out with your mates and meet folk etc that you do at some commercial thing like "Wasted" but with the important differences that ALL the bands get properly paid, the booze is dirt cheap or you can bring your own, there are NO bouncers, there is often totally free accomodation (especially if it is in a big squat) and any profit made goes to some good cause like say helping anti-fascist prisoners or something rather than into some promoter's back pocket. I know that some people might say that things are maybe a bit more difficult in the UK than in Europe as we don't have as many squats and so on but I think that just means we have to be a bit more ingenious as to how we organise our own events. With a bit of thought and planning we can organise some pretty good stuff if we try. In Edinburgh in the mid-nineties for example we got so pissed off with hearing about these horrible big "Holidays in the Sun" festivals that we thought we'd organise some big non-commercial festivals to prove that there is an alternative way to do things. We didn't have any squats or our own centre or anything but in the end we had great festivals three years in a row with hundreds and hundreds of punks from all over Europe attending. The festivals lasted ten days long over two weekends (three gigs a night - 90 bands in 1996), almost all the gigs were free apart from a couple of big benefit gigs and all the bands got paid too (from a share of the bar money), some big empty buildings were squatted to give people from out of town somewhere to crash and the whole thing was combined with all kinds of political and fun stuff in the afternoons ranging from punk picnics and cider drinking workshops to anti-McDonalds demos, hunt sabbing, AFA workshops etc etc. We even had a "Punks in Trunks" mass trip to the swimming baths that was total chaos and even made the tabloids. In addition to that we organised picketing of the local newspaper when they printed some shit about the festival so that they had to let us write our own side of things and also ran our own defence campaign for punks who got arrested at the inevitable clash with the cops. Not only that but, wanting to have our own outdoor gig, we dragged a generator and all the amps and drums over to this island just off the coast of Edinburgh and had our own totally free gigs there on a concrete stage built by the punks themselves over many weekends of back-breaking work (the stage still gets used now many years later as you can see on a good Oi Polloi video on You Tube which shows us playing there in 2006) - no bouncers, no rip-off booze - just punk rock! This is our idea of punk, we're in control, we do it ourselves as much as possible and it is most definitely NOT

some kind of big money-spinning nostalgia trip like some of these recent events like that one in London the other month with Flux Of Pink Indians and co - I preferred them when they used to talk more sense like "Punk belongs to the punks - not the businessmen - they need us - we don't need them"! This, of course, is just a personal opinion. If other people are happy with these commercial gigs and festivals well, I hope they have a good time at them - we just think that punk could (and CAN) be so much more than that.



You mentioned Conservative Punk (Doctor my sides are splitting) in another answer, and it's pretty well documented who the leading lights of that are/were- Johnny Ramone, Dave Smalley, Michael Graves, Bobby Steele - but have you met any other band members/labels/distros/promoters that veer towards the dark side?

Well, as I already mentioned, there are plenty tossers we've previously encountered who'd make Thatcher proud with their good old Tory ethos of enthusiastically exploiting and ripping poor people off whenever they can get away with it - but in terms of stuff like openly supporting war criminal Bush and the catastrophic Iraq war and so on it's only in Germany that we come across nonsense like that really. There's one festival there called Holz Rock where we were gonna be playing this summer but then some of the organisers came out with this really out of order twisted anti-arab racism and attacks on our support of minority languages like Gaelic which they totally can't handle - really fucked up. It's kind of ironic too that they are supposedly against German nationalism but then they are also against minority languages in Germany like Sorbisch (a Slavic language spoken in some parts of eastern Germany) and believe

everyone should speak German instead which actually puts them on the same side as the neo-nazis in this respect! Totally crazy. Talk about confused. They can't seem to comprehend that preservation of minority languages is about diversity and respect for people's linguistic human rights rather than any kind of xenophobic antagonism to "outsiders". Anyway needless to say we're not playing there now!

I'm sure if we played more dodgy oi festivals we'd encounter a few more right-wingers but mercifully we move in different circles really. I do remember one time we played at some horrible place in Blackpool though. Can't remember the name of the venue but it had a massive Union Jack painted on the dance floor (not usually a good sign!) and the guy who was organising it - or maybe it was one of his mates - was a total prick. When we met him he took us back stage and we were having a beer with him and he suddenly started coming out with stuff like "Yeah, fucking queers - I fuckin' hate 'em - it's the fuckin' smell of vaseline coming out their fuckin' arseholes..." etc etc. and we were kind of choking on our beers and like what the fuck?!! The whole town and atmosphere was fucking horrendous actually - we had to go to the Post Office to post some dole forms or something while we were there and they even had fucking BNP leaflets in a dispenser just sitting there openly where you filled out forms - unbelievable - or then again maybe not - but that's definitely one place - along with Middlesbrough - that we will hopefully never, ever have to set foot in again!



Jacqui Smith the Home Secretary says we'll all be queuing up voluntarily to get an ID card - have you got your name down yet?

The scary thing about this is not just the ID cards themselves but the database that goes along with them. Despite what the government claims about fighting fraud and preventing "terrorism" the real reason for ID cards has nothing to do with that and everything to do with controlling the population. They will probably start with some kind of incentive programme to "encourage" us to get them and then life will just become more and more difficult without one until you are virtually forced to have one. It has some parallels with the move away from cash use to credit card

transactions and so on - and again that is all about their control and them knowing everything about your finances. Dunno if you've read "The Handmaid's Tale" by Margaret Atwood but it should be on everyone's reading list and it shows exactly the horrific consequences of a cashless society where every financial transaction can be monitored by the government - a total nightmare - especially for duckers and divers like yourself Trev! Seriously though we've got to all support campaigns like NO2ID and get this stopped in its tracks. People need to wake up and see where we're going and it's not pretty. 4 million plus surveillance cameras all over the UK, number plate recognition on "traffic" cameras, detention without trial, ID cards, creeping criminalisation of ever more kinds of protest, media full of total propaganda or nonsense to keep you distracted from what is really going on, the aforementioned move to a society without cash. It's all done in small steps but look at the general trend and the direction we're going in - it's like what they say about frogs and boiling water - if someone drops a frog in really hot water it will jump out straight away but if it is placed in pan of cold water that is gradually heated up it just stays there until it is too late and it is boiled alive (so they say). It's like imagine if back in the seventies they'd said right, we're gonna put up millions of surveillance cameras all over the country, we're gonna introduce detention without trial and you're all gonna have to carry ID cards - people wouldn't have stood for it but do it little by little and people sleepwalk into a police state. If people don't fucking wake up and stand up to this we're really seriously fucked. Personally I'm leaving the country before this gets much further and I'm off to one of the Nordic countries where I already spend a lot of time. Not that this place is perfect though - it's still a lot more sane than the UK but it's also run by a bunch of clowns. The foreign minister for instance just had to resign after some scandal of texting obscene messages to lap dancers and porn actresses (stuff like "Can I finger you in a night club?" and so on) and the Prime Minister was in some other scandal where he was on some internet dating site looking for sex while incredibly using his own name and actually listing his occupation as "Prime Minister" - fucking ridiculous - some things seem to be the same the world over eh? Sadly that applies to too many things so I'm not under any illusions that the same kind of surveillance/control bullshit won't eventually come in here in the Nordic countries as well since this place is also in the EU. It reminds me of that cartoon with the hijacker in the cockpit of a passenger jet and a gun at the head of the pilot saying "Take me to freedom" and the pilot just looks at him like he's crazy and says "What do you think this is? This is an aeroplane not a fucking spaceship!"

Why do you think a large section of the working class deliberately acts dumb - lapping up shit telly like Jeremy Kyle etc, believing everything THE SUN tells em etc?

Well, I think the first point to make here is that it isn't just large sections of the working class who have been

successfully dumbed down - there are also plenty of middle class folk who are equally prone to lapping up nonsense and believing most of the bullshit that the powers that be like to have us all thinking. On the other hand there are also obviously plenty of working class folk who most certainly are NOT taken in by all the bullshit like the Sun and the shite on TV. In one way it's a bit easy to look down at folk reading the Sun and watching all the shite on TV but we've got to remember that there is a whole massive industry dedicated to pumping people full of shit, forming their opinions and keeping them distracted from the really important stuff that is going on. Just look at the way the telly is full of all these shitty soap operas and reality TV programmes - and then when you turn on the radio the DJs are also talking about the same TV shows in between playing utterly mindless pop songs performed by equally vacuous stars. Then the so-called "newspapers" will be full of "news" about the TV programmes and "celebrity gossip" about the pop stars and the DJs - and it's all total bullshit - a total distraction - just like most commercial sport these days - it's just like the "bread and circuses" in ancient Rome that the emperors used to keep the people docile. It reminds me of comments that some folk made after the revolution against Ceaucescu in Romania - they remarked on how incredibly boring Romanian TV had been with all these really long political speeches of his and so on that were screened all the time and suggested that if the government had instead screened loads of East Enders and Coronation Street-esque soap operas there might never have been a revolution. There is definitely some truth in that. When the Breton separatists blew up some TV transmitters in Brittany some years back people there also found that after a couple of nights of being pissed off cos they missed their favourite programmes they started going round to visit their friends and neighbours etc and it really brought the communities together and again that is something that the authorities don't want.

Then if you look at the mainstream media, when they actually DO report on important stuff they will use a mixture of tactics to distort our view of what is really going on. The information is either simply untrue or, more usually, they will slant the report or omit important details. For example you may remember Ian Bone from Class War being on the news around the time of the Poll Tax riots and when he started talking about how the rioters were heroes for fighting the cops etc the newsreader then chimed in with "many of our viewers will find your comments extremely offensive" yet how often do you hear a newsreader telling some tosser like Blair or Cameron that the "viewers will find their comments extremely offensive"? It would actually be true in that case too!! Then an example of the omission of important details would be those iconic shots of the fall of Saddam's statue in Baghdad that were presented as crowds of people spontaneously joyously tearing it down. All those shots were relatively close range and gave the impression of huge crowds of people - yet the long range photos that subsequently emerged and which you can see on the internet which show the whole square show how it is almost totally

empty!! It is sealed off by US tanks and a ring of soldiers and in the middle is a small group of less than 200 folk including journalists around the statue - some of whom were identified not as ordinary Baghdad citizens but as bodyguards of that tosser Chalabi who had come in from the US with the Americans during the invasion!! A total staged propaganda event. The spin they put on stuff is incredible and yet people still fall for it even when it becomes totally contradictory like for instance the way that Rambo film contains a dedication at the end to the "heroic mujahadeen of Afghanistan" for being "freedom fighters" and yet now, not so many years later, hey presto and the "heroic mujahadeen" are now "evil islamic terrorists" - it's totally Orwellian and yet folk lap it up.



It is really scary that more people aren't questioning every single thing that we are being told by the authorities - especially when we now have the evidence staring us in the face about how they lied about the WMD in Iraq. It's pretty depressing to hear even people who are against the war in Iraq and Afghanistan accepting some of the official versions of stuff like the death of David Kelly, the 7/7 bombings and 9/11. Yeah, David Kelly "committed suicide", yeah, right! Supposedly cut his wrists and yet there were no finger prints on the knife and he wasn't wearing gloves - and that is just one of the long list of discrepancies in the official story. Interesting coincidence that not long after he told friends he would be found "dead in the woods" he's found, er, dead in the woods. Odd "coincidence" too that on the day of the London 7/7 bombings there was actually a terror attack exercise being run at exactly the same time with the scenario of bomb attacks on exactly the same tube lines - what are the odds on that?! There are loads of problems with the official version of events of that too - you have to watch the You Tube film "Ludicrous Diversion" which covers all that - it is a must see. Then of course there's 9/11, the "new Pearl Harbour", which conveniently happened right on cue for the US invasion of Afghanistan (which had incidentally been planned long before). By another remarkable "coincidence" there was also another terror attack training exercise simulating hijacked aircraft happening at exactly the same time which supposedly confused the US air controllers so the planes couldn't be intercepted - yeah, yeah - and then after the attacks they found in one of the supposed hijacker's

cars, you guessed it, a copy of the Koran and a manual on how to fly planes -FUCK OFF - what a load of total shit - they obviously take us for total idiots but thankfully more and more people are waking up to what really happened on that day. 9/11 was the modern equivalent of the Nazis' Reichstag Fire and every day more and more people are realising it.



Just do some internet research and you'll see all the experts like pilots, former military officers, structural engineers etc who are saying that the official explanation is just not credible. Any readers who still accept the Bush administration version of events need to check out the excellent film "Press for Truth" which you can see on You Tube and will definitely have you asking some serious questions. "Pentagon Strike" and "Loose Change" are also worth a watch as is "9/11 Martial Law" and again these are all up on You Tube. Some other stuff worth watching is the

clip of the BBC reporting World Trade Centre building 7 having collapsed when it is actually still standing in the shot behind the reporter - amazingly they reported it twenty minutes before it actually happened!! On being challenged about this they first claimed (before clips appeared on the web) that they couldn't confirm that as they had "lost the footage" - er, the BBC say they LOST news footage from 9/11!!! Yeah, right - there's loads of weird stuff like this which is usually buried by the mainstream media but which you can find on the internet if you know where to look. Another classic from the BBC is this interview with Benazir Bhutto shortly before she was assassinated where she mentions Osama bin Laden being dead - the full clip is up on the internet but when the BBC screened it those comments are edited out. You'd think Osama being dead would be news but obviously we're not meant to know that - despite the fact that he has obviously been dead for years -of course it's always handy when he pops up with another one of his taped messages just before a US election! There's so much stuff to talk about here really - we are being totally lied to and manipulated in this bogus "war on terror"- and we should be questioning everything instead of blindly accepting like mindless "sheep". In that spirit I'd say to any of the "coincidence theorists" out there who still believe the official stories of 9/11 and 7/7 etc to open their minds and start to do some of your own research on the internet (before they shut down all the alternative websites). Likewise anyone else, don't take my word for it, do your own research. A good place to start would be one of the 9/11 experts for truth websites or a general one that we can't recommend highly enough (despite some occasional dubious links) is www.whatreallyhappened.com - check it out - and get the truth out there!

ALEX OGG- No More Heroes (Cherry Red)

BOOK REVIEW

Most retro books are just rehashes of punk folklore - Pistols/ McLaren/ Sex/ Bromley Contingent etc - or a load of half arsed discographies of obscure bands courtesy of phone calls to Dizzy Detour or Mark Brennan - and if you judged a book by it's (in this case) K Tel comp style tacky cover, this wouldn't exactly have you forking out 18 quid. But this came recommended by Cian at Riot 77 so when the library finally got me it I find it's a colossal 700 page bible crammed with great stories, facts, discographies (even including bootlegs and CD reissues) and, best of all, the brutal honesty of the author, who has a similar 'no allegiance' outlook as Cian (R77) himself. If a release is shit quality, he will tell you. If he feels someone is bullshitting, he will pull em up about it. Classic case being Garry Bushell who tries to justify his political about-turn by claiming it was the lefties' attitude to paedophiles and terrorists (??) that caused him to leave the fold. Alex comments "I actually don't know what he's talking about here, never mind falling for it, but there you go", and (on Bushell hero Jim Davidson) "I don't hate him because of his class Gaz, I hate him because he's not funny. And I never swallowed that patronising bollocks that because you are working class you have to go round pretending that you've never read a book".

This is so thorough that there must be about 10 bands from Edinburgh alone I've never heard of (one of them, **Blak Flag** including **The Proclaimer** twins). Alex isn't content to repeat basic facts from yesteryear, in most cases he tracks down and interviews band members, getting never-before -published stories. From the big bands like **Clash**, **Upstarts**, **Ruts** etc to novelty acts like **Albertos Y Los Trios** **Paranoias** (one of whom went on to be the voice of Count Duckula!) to Record Collector obscurities like **The Atoms** (feat Keith Allen) no stone is left unturned. It gets right down to what the bands were like as people and nearly all of them had politics well sussed (compare that to today and all the dumb middle class american bands) as well as having a sense of humour to go with it. It's depressing in places, where we find SO many members of bands we grew up with have died, but that's offset by nuts facts like Allen from the **Destructors/Blanks** (who used the Sunderland ripper hoax phone call as an intro to the 7" "Northern Ripper") being interviewed by a copper, who, noticing his large collection of occult books, said "If it was up to you I'd have you locked up for good". We also find that John Cooper Clarke was offered £150,000 to do **Celebrity Big Brother** (though not being a fan of shite telly I don't know if it materialised?) and his habit of class A drugs may explain his TV Smith physique. Love the quote from Peter Hook (New Order) about Mick Hucknall when he praises his efforts in **Frantic Elevators**; "...but then he went on to be one of the biggest cunts on the planet" !!

It also documents the chaos - **The Damned** getting their expenses bill from **Stiff** - "£28,000 in damages" according to **Rat Scabies**.

I could go on and on, but we're running out of time and space and I'm only a third the way thru it! Quite simply the only book you need about late 70's punk.

THE RADGIE GADGIE GUIDE TO THE TOON

THE GREENMARKET

A hoodlum's playground of boozers - The Clock (£1.25 a pint for Ex on our last visit!), Duke of Northumberland, Black Garter, and (ok it's around the corner but we'll allow it) The Blackett Arms. Although the air outside is like a Teeside industrial estate thanks to the smoking ban, you are in fact more likely to die through passive *drinking*.

ROSE & CROWN

I was going to tell you about the Sunday night carnage when 3 of us ended up with suspected broken jaws and another got glassed to fuck. When the gangland family responsible (imagine the Maguires but properly casted ie no effeminate barmen or hippies from Emmerdale) exited the pub the landlord walked up with a cloth which we assumed was for first aid. Er no, he calmly started mopping the blood off the walls with it, as if this was a daily occurrence.

Anyway I was going to tell you all that, and about the PROPER barmaids who, while you were waiting to be served, would be stood at the end of the bar reading Bella or eating a kebab, or ejecting charvers who sneaked in to use the bandit, completely oblivious to the death threats they would issue.

But I CAN'T. Because it's now being taken over and turned into a karaoke bar. Despite the ever present sense of danger at least you could have a bit crack and a proper pint of Carling, but now?? Extra Cold hell!!! The only aggression the lager is likely to fuel is fighting over who has the cubicle in the bogs first.



"Enjoy yourselves, but remember... drink responsibly"

THE LANE

This must be some kind of record. We were in the place only 10 seconds before one of only 2 punters shouted at Hebby "What the fuck are YE looking at!!". But after Hebby explained to him that he'd actually been *drinking with him* that afternoon, all was forgiven. And there's that many remnants of NF stickers on the walls you could probably climb up them, like Spiderman.

BEE HIVE

If you don't know about the secret alleyway to the bogs you'll have loads of fun negotiating your way through a 6 foot wide bar space crammed with pissheads who'll spin you lines like "nee broon in the toon" (and they don't mean Broon Ale). But with £2.70 trebles, who's arguing? The toilets are magic. No bog seat (designed that way - I guess they didn't think it was worth trying) and a cubicle door that opens outwards (maybe that's for easy access after the bouncer caught one of my poser mates shagging a lass in there one Friday). Holds the record for the amount of times NF has been scratched into one door. Nice to see a boy with a hobby! Once saw a bloke threatening the bar staff for 30 minutes after they refused to serve his son, then the coppers arrived, had a word with him, and sent him back in for another pint!

ROSIES BAR

Quaint sounding name but actually home of Toon hooligans due to it's close proximity to the ground. Watch the barman cower in fear as loons dance around the optics on the back bar!! Good jukebox (Xrayspex and similar are the norm) but that only serves to increase the testosterone levels!



3 BULLS HEADS

A varied clientele which would indicate a lack of radgie-ness but don't be deceived, there is always the waster lurking with his shopping bag, ready to pounce with the immortal line of "I used to be a skinhead me like", then as sure as night follows day "they come here, they get f-f-free houses, t-t-take our jobs", which is good because it gives you advance warning to fuck off before their third line, "Yorra good lad ye, er can yer gettus a pint mate". It's a sad indictment of our society when fine upstanding alcoholics whose CVs include sex-pesting barmaids, talking like a stroke victim, and blocking up the bogs with vomit can't get a job because of FOREIGNERS.

SONS OF BAD BREATH

I was never into the noisy bands of the mid-late 80's but I was still amused at the antics of the infamous SONS OF BAD BREATH and I knew they'd have some great tales to tell, and thankfully Monti didn't disappoint. Here we go...



How did the band (and the Hackney Hell Crew) get together? Were you inspired by the likes of DISORDER/CHAOS UK?

We (SOBB) all lived in a huge house in Victoria Park Rd, Hackney. In Oct 84 we went to Margate to see MOTORHEAD. At the time, MOTORHEAD's drum roadie was an old mate of mine from Glasgow, and after the gig he gave us a box with M/head's almost untouched rider in it. We had to stay in Margate the night so I arranged our accommodation (kicked in the door of an ice cream hut). About 6AM we went to a caff and while still pissed decided to start a band. The other 3 had been in bands but I'd not. All our breath stank of booze, hence BAD BREATH.

The Hackney Hell Crew thing was the name other people gave us. Most of us, me included, thought it was a shit name so if anyone says they were in the HHC** they weren't because we never used that name. Next part of the Q made me and Martin laff. NO we were definitely not inspired by CHAOS UK/ DISORDER. We were good mates with both bands. Gabba is still one of my best mates.

We were inspired by booze. Motorhead's booze.

**People have been heard to say this - mugs.

One of the most surreal things I've seen was, one day in the late 80's I was walking down Stanley front street and out of Kwiksave ran you lot followed by an angry security guard! Was this a typical day out and what the

fuck were you doing in Stanley!!

I don't remember this incident but we had a thing about windin up security men and we did it everywhere we went. Either that or Martin stole something. He's got a good set of sticky fingers. We used to end up in some strange places. If you said you'd seen us in Timbuktoo I wouldn't be surprised.

What memories do you have of Toot and the Station?

Scruff (Toot's bro) came down to Hackney a lot so we'd go see Toot when we came up your way. I thought he was a sound bloke (he thought we were nuts I reckon) and I was saddened to hear of his death. 3 times we played the Station. I had a great time there and we always got a good reception from the crowd and had a great laff with the people we met up there (Gus if you're reading this "Alright mate I hope things OK in your life"). To everybody who came to see us at The Station thanks, and I hope you enjoyed it as much as we did.

One time we were waiting in Newcastle Bus Station to get a London bus and Alien (drummer) "found" a box of rolls with various fillings. We helped ourselves then got on the coach and started to eat them. Then we seen all these drivers going mad and shouting "Some bastards stole our rolls". It ain't easy eating the evidence when you're pissing yourself laffin. Then some big fucker said he was going to beat us all up when we got to London. The more we laffed the madder he got but luckily for him, he seen sense and just slunk off when we got to London. All because we whistled the Hovis tune.

Ian Glasper recently contacted you about a piece for his forthcoming book. Tell us about that...

A mutual friend of Ian and me had spoken to Ian about the



book and gave me Ian's no. I phoned him up and in

December he came to my house and had a chat with myself and Martin. Gabba and Scruff were there as well and it was a fucking good laff talking about the old days. I've read Ian's previous two books (me and Martin are mentioned in the ANTI-SECT section; Lippy Polly and John we salute you) and I enjoyed em both. I'd be reading a bit and think "I remember that gig" and even a few "I remember that cunt" moments. Good stuff. I think he's done a brilliant job, that's my opinion anyway.

You have a live LP coming out in Europe. How did that come about? Did you never record any demos?

I got a text message from a guy Ed in Amsterdam saying he wanted to talk to me about SOBB. I thought it was some mate of mine takin the piss but I called him and he told me he had some SOBB stuff he wanted to release. Fair play to him, he got in touch with all 4 of us to ask if it was ok. We all ok'ed it and it should appear in the near future. On vinyl, it's a double album with 4 bands havin a side each though I dunno who the other 3 bands are.

We never recorded any demos cos havin a laff and enjoyin ourselves were the only things we cared about. There were no plans or anything like that; we were totally plan and politics free. Alien and Martin went on to record stuff with various other bands. Martin's band SCREAMER's first demo's a fuckin classic.

These days you (Monti) buy mostly Oi, and, being a crust/chaos type band, I never realised it at the time, but this is what you were into all along, and the 'hair' was a 'disguise'. Can you tell us more about that, as long as it doesn't affect your personal safety or liberty?

Appearances can be deceptive mate. In my youth I'd been a skinhead/bootboy/football hooligan. Then between 75-83 (early) I jumped out of aeroplanes in the army for a living, fought in a war followed by 7 months in military hospital before being invalided out. Oi was popular among young guys in the army (as was 2-Tone). COCKNEY REJECTS were and still are the boys for me. At Rebellion last year on the Sunday morning I met Jeff ("Stinky") in the street outside my hotel. We had a good chat and as far as I'm concerned he's a top bloke, all respect to him.

It should be noted though that we weren't like the crusties that followed (boot polish on jeans, patchouli oil, unlaced boots and dogshit dreads). Far from it. Remember this was a short period in our lives that we did this. Long hair and general scruffiness allowed me to make friends (most are still friends) without the war experience being an issue and spared me the usual stupid questions people can sometimes ask. Nobody ever mentioned it to me at all. After a few years Martin had gained my trust and I told him about it.

I'd just like to voice my opinion here about the CRASS album "Yes Sir I Will". I might not like the content but that's ok, freedom of speech etc, and the cover pic of Prince Chuck (total inbred moron), mocking him's OK, but why show disrespect to Simon Weston, a workin class bloke, who like myself, joined the army to escape the jobless shitholes we came from. What about his, his family and friends' feelings?

Talk about kicking a man when he's down. Nasty and spiteful in my book. Before all you Crass fans blow a gasket I remember y'all spoutin anti-state, anti-Govt slogans then slopin off to sign on to get your pittance from the state. I may be a cunt but I'm not a twat.

EAT SHIT were (I'm guessing?) your way of taking the piss out of the sad cunts in the 80's who tried to be American. Am I right? And would you be able to 'do' satire today, when ya see how bad the likes of emo, screamo bands really are !?

I dunno cos EAT SHIT were nothing to do with me. We just all lived together. It was a good laf at first but I got bored with it, helped by the fact that their bass player (??) Napoleon was a glue sniffing moron. Only Emo I know of used to live on Rud Holls farm (deliberate spelling mistake!)

Not many can claim to have chinned Ian Stuart - tell us about that (where, how it came about etc, any comebacks?)

Some time in mid 1983, me, a young geezer and his girl got off the tube at the Angel (single platform, tracks each side, and only one way in/out). Dozens of skins were on the platform (the NF or BM main pub the Agricultural was approx 100m from the tube station). They piled into us but there was so many of them trying to punch me they were getting in each other's way. A voice started shoutin "Throw him under the train". 3 big fuckers (I'm only 5'6") scooped me above their heads and carried me to the platform edge. The voice was still shoutin so I looked about and it was Ian Stuart (I'd seen enough photos of him plus the guy I was with had seen Skrewdriver a few times) shoutin with his goon squad all around him. I could hear the train comin when a civilian hit the emergency button that stops the train and loads of old bill appeared. I got dropped onto the platforms and loads of people ran over me, then 2 coppers pulled me up and told me to fuck off. I got the other 2 then



fucked off. I found out later some of the skins had beat up a black ticket collector upstairs, that's why the old bill arrived so quickly mobbed up. I remember telling John AYS bout this but I never thought about revenge, I only had a few bruises, I was laffin about it the next day.

ROUND TWO - Few months later, me and Mr X (name changed to protect the guilty) left a pub and went back to the magistrate's court (Mr.X was charged with something minor). Got in the court building and decided to go for a piss. I saw some skins at the end of the corridor talking to some girls. They had their backs to us but I recognised one guy standing side on from the tube station. The toilet was at our end, we went in as a guy turned away from the piss tube....guess who?! Army life had taught me how to react in dodgy situations, now I ain't the hardest bloke in the world but I'm a long way from being the softest (I'd been an above average boxer in my youth). I got him with a peach of a right hander that almost KO'd him, his head hittin the tiled wall certainly KO'd him. Dragged him into a cubicle, shut the door and we left the building sharpish. Mr X to this day reckons I should pay half the £40 fine he got for non appearance!

Comebacks? Hardly anyone knew me then (I hadn't met Martin & Co then) and I avoided anywhere his mob frequented. If I had been told he was looking for me then things would've had to shift up a gear, but there's no point speculating about it. In the 90's someone told me he had died. Livin the life he did he shouldn't have let his guard down for a second. Que Sera Sera, even the best of us has been put on his arse at one time or another, you just get up and get on with it.

Speaking as a band who were no strangers to the local dole office, what are your views on the endless government clampdowns on so called "scroungers" ?

Don't have any views on the subject. I never think about it. If people want to live on peanuts it's up to them. All 4 SOBB are ok financially either by legal or illegal means. I do think the "phoney" disabled make things worse for the genuine disabled though.

Tell us about FRED!

Fred's me and Sasha's big knucklehead of a dog. He's a big white beast of an English Bull Terrier we got from the EBT Society's rescue service. He had been abused in preperation for dog fightin. He fears nothing but he likes pups and kids and all people friendly to him. My mate Pete Rose (now in Prague) had a EBT pup and the 2 of em had a great time. If anybody reading this is interested , the EBT Society have got a website where you can find out which areas have got dogs ready for rehomin. English Bulls only and after you're vetted

you pay around £150 to cover the cost of jabs etc. He was about 2 years old when we got him and he's 6+ now.

What are the members of SOBB/Hackney Hell Crew doing these days? I know Simo and Pus are no longer with us...tell us their stories.

Nowadays Olly's a painter/decorator in Copenhagen. Alien's a station master on London Underground. Martin's moved back to Kent. Me, well I spent the 90's as a member of a premier league 'outlaw' bike club (the illegal earner) and had a great time doin that. Never turned my back on my mates or punk though, as Martin, Gabba, Arthur Lurker and Marvin Varuker (to name a few) will testify.

Towards the end of the 90's, damage to my internal organs meant I had to retire from the club. Nowadays I gotta take things easy but I still go to gigs and Rebellion etc, I just go and make the best out of a shit situation. No complaints though.

Ain't sure of the details of how Simo died but I do know he was on his own when he died and that's a shame. Pus was stabbed to death by 5 junkie geezers (all 5 took turns to stab him) - that really upset me cos me and him used to have some mental times. No witnesses turned up at court so the 5 guys walked. However within 3-4 years , 3 of em had died from smack OD then in a 2 month period the other 2 were "unlawfully killed by persons unknown". Good, I fuckin hope it hurt. Pus and Simo RIP.

Thanks for this mate, it's good to know that people still remember us. Cheers to everyone I know, especially my club brothers Liam and Karl and the rest of the West Coast Hells Angels MC England. You're the best. The gorgeous Sasha and Fred the dog.



JOHN DAVISON - Little Man, Big Heart

I've never really been 'sporty' (even the mention of the Sunday Sport sends shivers doon me spine) but this boxing book really captures the excitement of big fights, and it's a book you can relate to, John having drank in the same boozers as us when we were young'uns. Despite his appalling musical taste (laughing at an ex with a punk hairdo, admitting to being a New Romantic in the 80's) John comes across as down to earth (the morning after a title fight he was doing a stall down Swalwell boot sale!) and , when not fighting, had to rely on ducking and diving (antiques) to supplement his inadequate giro. After taking title after title , the book ends on a sad note when a foreign opponent, after several cancellations, pulls out with AIDS; the psychological damage sending John into a spiral from which he never recovered.

Farmer's TV

MONDAY

NEW SERIES

7 pm **Rusty Jism**

New docudrama featuring the real life antics of winner of Hexham's Annual Mr Heterosexual Young Farmer 2007, Rusty Jism. Episode 1 "He doth protest too much" Rusty enjoys a good hard game of rugby for Hemlock Young Farmers against Sodomsides. After the game, on the bus home, after whipping each others arse's with towels in the shower, Rusty and Geoff get the new lad "on trial" at the back of the bus. Accused of being a homosexual, the debutante is stripped of his pants, has his pubes shaved off so we looks like a schoolboy and has a Ketchup bottle stuffed up his arse.

7.30 pm **Top Tractors**

Nathan, Bartholomew and the Gerbil, our three laddish middle aged crisis hit farmers, test drive a range of agricultural machinery, mostly of course at peak time on bendy single lane b-roads. Later, the three self congratulating egotists take part in a biscuit game- which of the three bottom touching meat heads will win the circle jerk- and is that sun light or spunk that Gerbil and Bartholomew are examining coming out of Nathan's arse hole?

8 pm **Ned'll fix it**

A flat faced expressionless farmers boy sets fire to a barn full of cattle, two girls from Scagcunt arrange to have their school May Queen tarred and feathered, a school football team from Spannersnoggin kick some hamsters to death, a teenage son of a slaughterman has a swastika tattooed on his forehead and an unattractive long haired 18 year old sex pest from Pimplefeck drops a load of dead livestock on the A69, blocking both lanes, in the early hours of a bank holiday weekend.

8.30 pm **Fiona of God**

Do-gooder Christian lunatic Fiona Hatterson - from her countryside bungalow near Morpeth- is on a mission from god. Fiona sets out in her God-car, powered by the love of our Lord, to bring about nice things through our lord and father god. To achieve this, Fiona sets about destroying the lives of anyone she considers a heathen. Episode 1. Fiona gets a call on her mobile; It's God and he calls Fiona's fat Christian do-gooder army to barge their way into the home of a woman who they followed home from the abortion clinic on the bus. While mealy arsed Fiona sits on the bleeding distraught sinner, revealing several inches of orange peel like arse cheek, the other Christians hold hands in a circle and hum "cum by are" until the sinner suffocates her way to Hell

9 pm **3rd Reich Farm**

New series of the hit sit-com about life on a farm run by Nazi war criminals! Goebbals returns from a days work at the Hemlock Farmers Union to find that Himmler has rounded up the Friesian Cows and is planning to shoot them for lacking racial purity- but can the smooth talking infanticidal cock sucker talk the porcine Luftwaffe maestro out of the blood thirsty slaughter of the innocent?

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NEW SERIES

9.30 pm **Farming Future**

Each year, the 1% of landed gentry who own 90% of the land in this country, sponsor students at the Royal Farming College in Poshchester to research a fantastical topic and provide them with the arguments they need to defend their privileged status. This series examines some recent findings.

1. Farming Economics. Barney Corkstubbings is a wealthy ruddy cheeked Barbour shirted wanker with no common sense. As the new Conservative Party candidate for the safe Hexhamshire Parliamentary Constituency of Nuntits Bellows, Barney presents his findings that explain why it is that for income tax reasons, farmers earn next to nothing but when it comes to a day lost at market due to foot and mouth or a single cow lost through unhygienic moronic and sadistic animal husbandry, compensation is always quoted in the millions!

10 pm **The Hatchets of Bum-Bum Hill**

Episode Two. follows the hilarious antics of the Hatchet family and their madcap lives destroying wildlife and polluting the magical habitat of Bum-Bum Hill in the Cheviots.

Pa Hatchett takes a shit in an upland stream and shoots a family of Peregrine Falcons out of their nest. Meanwhile, Rufus and Seth stumble upon two female campers skinny dipping in a pool. The farmers lads steal the girls clothes and set fire to their tent before wanking off using the stranded girls moisturiser as a lubricant. Ma Hatchet uses unnecessary brutality to kill a sleeping Lepracom with an ice pick. It starts raining witches.

10.30 pm **FILM Bumpit**

Three young farmers on a weekend hunting fall into a hole that leads to an underground world- full of homosexuals! The young farmers must escape before the queers come after their arses. Lucky then that they are so heavily armed!

TUESDAY

7 pm **Countryside Heroes of Conservation.** Hour long documentary commemorating some of the countryside's great conservationists including Sir Nathan Percy who once shot three Siberian tigers in one day, Captain Nipsy Taylorlridge who turned 10,000 acres of peat bog into conifer plantation which now serves as a habitat for the Sitka Spruce, and Master of Otterhounds Geoff Burhouse who killed fifteen otters with gin traps and poison in the week proceeding the ban on hunting.

FARMER'S TV- STRAIGHT TALKING- NO NONSENSE- NO ARSE BANDITS

8 pm **Rusty Jism**

Episode 2 "A whiff of Lavender" It's the annual Hemlock Farmer's Charity Event so the lads all dress up as girls putting on more make up than an aunt sally. Rusty and Geoff for some reason, see this as an opportunity to expose their hairy bollocks through the fishnet tights and to cuddle and kiss in front of a hooting crowd of heterosexual young farmers in the Pig& Poker. It doesn't get much straighter then this.

8.30 pm **Face lifter**

Three of the ugliest women from Hexham farmers market are offered complete face lifts but who will get the face lift and who will get their arse stitched onto their face? And will their farmer husbands notice?

9 pm **Shit Your Pants Lair**

New series of the popular show where rural entrepreneurs offer their ideas to country land owners, lords of the manor, fat loaded bastards and mean spirited city gents from top public schools with a country seat who despite never having had to do a days work in their lives, have spent the last 30 years



making everything harder and more shit for every one else.

This week, a

man who's invented a wind powered scare crow is made to crawl through rotting carcasses on an abattoir floor and eat maggots from a festering pigs head for a £1000 loan from Lord Etonian. Next, a young single mother who's invented a simple mast device to enable better internet connectivity at the local school in her valley is forced to suck Neville Farquaa's smelly little cock, an act that he videos and sends to his wanker mates, just for permission to use the rectory roof the cunt inherited at birth.

9.30 pm **Pot Shot**

Our contestants are encouraged to drink heavily all morning in a racist rural pub then take to the road in a dirty pick up. Contestants are given 12 gauge shot guns and shoot randomly at passing wildlife and unfortunate live stock. Presented by the ghost of Hungerford mass murderer Michael Ryan

10 pm **The Night Owl Rises and Stalks the Moor.**

More from the local psychopathic racist sex killers. Are the Poles bringing black death back to England? Should the Welsh be made to pay a tax? How come in the towns people are so stupid? Twittering idiots allowed free access to the airwaves by a rightwing careerist presenter who'd fuck his own dead mother's mouth just to be famous

11 pm Captain Monocle

Eerily floating single spectacled wraith Captain Monocle glides through the rural fog down the wet slope towards Hemlock St Papist. The Hell sent apparition appears in the Gallows Hall Catholic Chapel. Here, we see the groundsmen, the Merkin brothers, beating an asylum seeker to death in a barn, masturbating voyeur Father Jacobs spying on the showering nuns through a crack in the floor boards, church secretary Elsie Canons putting laxative and warfarin in the communion wine while Father Carrots makes naked choir boys do star jumps in the high altar. Later, we see Major Shunting raping his horse and Reverend Smallchild stealing from the church roof fund while local JP Harold Hunsingore gets a bum wank from a teenage prostitute

11.30 pm Cyclops Tractors

This week our four grunting morons with filthy hands and greasy foreskins, rummage under the bonnet of a Landrover for twenty minutes then pull out a piece of metal attached to some coloured wires and stick it up an Alsatian's arse

WEDNESDAY**7 pm Farming Futures**

The latest indefensible shit from our professors of fuckwittery.

2. Foxes love hunting

Despicable turn coat prick Miles Craplay is the sort of cunt who snivels up to managers at meetings; the kind of worthless arse kisser you tolerate at work despite the self loathing it causes because you know that the gutless worm bellied cock sucker is destined to be your boss; the sort of low life scab that would take two cocks up his arse to appease any bastards he will lower himself to suck up to, which is any fucker on the planet, the cunt; the sort of untrustworthy maggot who'd bare back fuck his best friends wife in trap one and two, in his mate's bed, then deliberately clean his arse with your child's flannel and later, buy you a drink in the pub and call you "mate"; the kind of slimy snake-eyed two-faced shit bucket you would only stop kicking when you had his eyes out of his head and were skull fucking his brain into jelly with your angry prick. Him, Miles Craplay, takes the usual anti scientific stance against logic, common sense and Darwin to propose that foxes, somehow, like being hunted by a pack of dogs. Natural selection eh?

8 pm Countryside Rules

Series of sporting programmes to show Townies who's boss when it comes to the great outdoors! Most Townies idea of fishing is getting out their rod and tackle in Barrymore's swimming pool! Here, some real countrymen go out with shot guns fishing for Mermaids.

8.30 pm In the Night Farm

Macca Spacka runs down some hens in the Ninky Nonk while Iggle Piglet kicks

the shit out of the defenceless dwarves.

9 pm Farmers in Need

Every year, dozens of farmers are unable to take a second holiday and are prevented from upgrading their jeeps due to the government not giving them enough money. Tonight,

celebrities and farmers get together to raise money for this cause. However, rather than farmers paying for anything, this show looks at ways of getting the money for nothing from the taxpayer.

9.05 pm Introduction by host Wullie Spank introducing the themes and programme for the charity fundraising evening

9.30 pm Tax Evasion. Posh Tory MP Wilfred Nailor-Berghaus explains how farmers can avoid paying any tax.

10 pm Threaten the Government! Angry mobs of pissed farmers with burning torches circle petrol stations and oil refineries demanding more money from the government. Every minute the government delays, we up the demand by a cool million.

10.30 pm What Price a Wank? Female Eastern European casual labourers are forced to wank off a mob of hooting agriculture students at Newcastle University in a smokey bar- and after the highest bidder gets his rocks off, it all goes in the pot!

10.35 pm A68 Hell Riders

Alarming documentary concerning the antics of young farmers lads and their reckless disregard for the life of other drivers as they joy ride combine harvesters on the famously dangerous roman road. We take bets as the lads play chicken, live, near Plague Pit Hill. All for a great cause!

11 pm Shit Your Pants Lair

A family man who wants to start a business promoting self help to old people in isolated communities is made to piss his own pants in Newcastle's Bigg Market at 11pm on a Friday night holding a pink sign saying "I suck cock for pennies" before Grant Parsonbury will let him in the room.

11.30 pm FILM Sutcliffe 2

Peter Sutcliffe is back, and this time he's made of TMLego! The truck driving legend makes short work of Prime minister Brair's wife Cherry-Anne and soon has the government on its knees as he fights for lower fuel bills- but will he be able to fend off the evil hippies with their Play People army?

THURSDAY**7 pm Rusty Jism**

Episode 4 "Now he's a puff". For some inexplicable reason, Rusty and Geoff head to Soho on a trip to London and end up on Old Compton Street in the Queens bar,

spotting queers. As one does when one is as straight as an arrow.

7.30 pm FILM Honey I Raped the Goat! Rural sequel to the child eating comedy Honey I Ate the Kids.

9 pm The Night Owl Rises and Stalks the Moor

This issue of the conspiracy laced reactionary late night discussion show features privilege as its chosen topic. In the studio, an audience consisting of a mob of agricultural students vent their spleen against the working class and any notion of wealth distribution. Their reactionary neo-conservatism is supported by a panel of experts including farmer Eli Arsebeard, BNP candidate and campaigner against speed cameras, Tory Councillor Lady Mima Bell-Fuck who is renowned for selling off graveyards and green belt land for Tory voters to build new home on, multi millionaire Sir Montague Martland who has never paid any tax in his life and finally, "it" man Noel Porche. Noel inherited his family name, good looks and million acre estate in Scotland. He now demands a ban on the right to roam and defends the right to rape his tenants like a chinless Fred West. He has never done a days work in his life but has a regular diary column in the Evening Standard where he regales the readers on the sticky sweaty tube with stories of parties, shoulder rubbing with "other celebrities", major events and premiers the freeloading cunt has attended and his endless fucking mid week holiday breaks in the Mediterranean. Listen and watch as their mutual applause gives them greater confidence to show their true colours and they all turn into green lizards before your eyes. Wankers like these are enough to make any reasonable person puke up their own stomach and vomit it out the back door, then cause them to sit cross kneed on the floor in the dark and pray for a return to Roman justice to get these fucking parasite cunts nailed up to fucking trees.

10.30 pm Rusty Jism**Episode 5**

"Backs to the Wall!!". Rusty and some of the other straight lads from the young farmers rugby team go to Whitby for the day and draw gigantic ejaculating penises in the sand next to the harbour wall, then ridicule some effeminate Goths

11 pm Sports day

The latest round up of the weekend sport

11.05 pm Hedgehog football Focus. Top of the table clash in the kicking to death of small amnnimals sport for men, between the Hemlock Hard Cases and the Pimplefeck Toughies.

11.30 pm Coon Hunt

Teams of farmers sneak into Newcastle's west end and shout racist abuse at black people **12 am National Hunt racing** from Hexhamshire. To spice things up a bit, this year extra points are being awarded for trampling gypsies to death in the final furlong.

FARMERS TV ***FARMERS TV *****FARMERS TV**

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER

We both interviewed Attila in the mid 80's for our respective zines so it was good to find that 20+ years on he is still such a sussed and interesting character....

It was amusing to read that NUTS magazine asked you to help with one of their projects. Have you had any other bizarre offers since leaving Sounds and what do you think of the likes of Garry Bushell and Tony Parsons accepting big bucks for writing a load of bollocks?

Since leaving Sounds.. that was back in '84.... any offers I have had have been because of my Attila activities, nothing to do with 'music journalism'. To answer your question, yes. Poems for Puma (trainers... I asked about the workers' pay relative to cost of item, didn't go down well!) Sweets advert ages ago, just thought 'that's crap'. But for fairly obvious reasons I don't get that many corporate advert offers (!) It's against everything I believe in.. and thanks to my chosen path I'm not 'famous' enough for my endorsement to be worth two halves of a dead maggot anyway.....

Bushell, Parsons?

The Clash said it ages ago. 'I believe in this and it's been tested by research/That he who fucks nuns will later join the church'. Worst thing about Bushell is not only that he went to the Sun, but he crossed a picket line at Wapping to do it. I wrote him an angry letter at the time. His reply? 'Still wearing the turn-ups John?'

The shame of all that is he was a good writer (and could be a really nice, helpful bloke as well - he gave me my first opportunities to write for the national music press and helped countless good bands to get noticed) and he could really have made a difference instead of spewing clichéd reactionary turncoat crap on the spurious grounds that 'that's what working class people think'. Yes, Garry, some working class people (like some middle and upper class people) are thick right wing idiots. Fortunately the majority aren't! And you don't help matters one iota by feeding people's prejudices and dismissing progressive ideas as 'middle class'. (Of course there is absolutely nothing wrong whatsoever with being middle class if you've got the right - i.e. left - attitude and treat people with respect!)

The hub of the matter is, if you want to be a career journalist you have to pander to the prejudices of the media magnates who employ you. 'Freedom of the press' is a complete illusion. Their argument goes: you have the right to run a fanzine, so Murdoch has the right to run News International. The deliberate, cynical denial of everything 'freedom' means in that concept is breathtaking. A lot of people (apologists for the right wing press) lambast any attempts to curb the power of the proprietors as 'attacks on press freedom' when what it would do is CREATE press freedom! Me, I'd close down News International tomorrow, ban Murdoch from the country as an undesirable alien, nationalise his assets and establish a TRULY free press run by workers' cooperatives where proprietors did not exist! Ironically, of course, Murdoch has bought Myspace, but for the moment there are no obvious attempts to limit the political content of sites. I'm sure that when/if there is all the radical activists/musicians will be thrown off....

As for me, I'm happy where I am and doing what I do on my own terms. All I ever wanted was to earn my living doing what I love, travelling the world spreading ideas, having fun and drinking lots of beer! And I've managed that for 27 years.....

You have a song (or poem?) called "Scumbag Pinochet" (can't access it on our old computer). What were your thoughts on his friend Thatcher being entertained by a so called "Labour" PM?

'Scumball Pinochet'.... an anti fascist song, homage to Bolan, in the style of T. Rex! You should be able to access it, it's on this site. Well, like more or less everything else New Labour have done, it made me puke (to use a well travelled punk rock expression) and it's hardly surprising since New Labour have introduced many policies even Thatcher would have baulked at! My friend Robb Johnson (who is in my top friends list here) has a FANTASTIC song about that invitation on his Myspace page called 'More Tea, Margaret?' which everyone should hear... give yourselves a treat!

Oddly enough, most of the high flyers in the government were once left wing. Did you meet any people like this back in the day who sold out their ideals as soon as they had a sniff of filthy lucre?

Yes, and many more who without even the promise of filthy lucre have just given up on everything they once believed in. Gorbachev has a lot to answer for in this regard, albeit unintentionally.. he wanted to reform socialism, not hand everything over to the Mafia, and the World Bank, lock, stock and barrel

.... I have a song which sums all this up for me

SONG FOR THE DEFEATED

*Your dreams are gone, but your life goes on
And you're happy in your day to day
In your middle age, at the end of rage,
we meet and we've nothing to say*

CHORUS

*And you shake my hand, but your eyes show your disdain
So sad, so bland - I know we'll never meet again*

*In your fiery youth, when you spoke the truth
I believed you and called you my friend
But the winds of change blow wild and strange
and with sadness I watched you bend*

*You serve those whom you vowed you would never serve
You take from those with nothing to give
Those days in '89 were the end of the line
And now you just say live and let live
I knew that it would never be easy
But I never thought you'd swallow that lie
Because live and let live for the likes of us*

*You have made your peace, you have found release
but your peace is the still of the dead
'a misguided phase' - what an empty phrase
to pour scorn on the life you once led*

CHORUS

I read an interview with Steve Drewett in the 80s where he said that if some skins were looking at him on him on the tube, he didn't know if it was because they liked his band or if they were gonna start on him. Did you get any grief back in the day?

Instead of answering, Attila pointed us in the direction of his 'taking truth to the fascists' piece on his My Space site so here is most of it. These and other writings will take the form of an autobiography to be entitled "Argument's Yard"...

In mid 1982 fascist activity in the music scene was at its peak, encouraged by the xenophobic, violent atmosphere engendered by the Falklands War. Certain London punk pubs and clubs were known Nazi bonehead hangouts, and the most notorious was Skunx, a punk/skinhead club which had opened in



early 1982, based at the Bluecoat Boy pub. The pub said they weren't fascists, and claimed to be upset at the balance of forces which allowed groups of Nazis to intimidate bands and punters: after visiting the place one day I challenged them to let me do an anti-fascist gig there and, somewhat to my surprise, they agreed.

Soon I had the line-up: Newtown Neurotics, Sub-Active, a young punk band from Henley, and myself as headliner. We put the word out to everyone we knew on the left, especially to the SWP and what was left of ANL/RAR, and did the same in the punk scene, appealing for a big turnout to show the fascists exactly what we thought of them.

By now the Neurotics (as we always called them, and they later became) were going from strength to strength: they had recorded two great singles, 'Hypocrite' and 'When The Oil Runs Out' on Steve Drewett's own No Wonder label, and Leeds based CNT Records were just about to release their third, a double A side of the massive and self-explanatory 'Kick Out The Tories!' and the classic 'Mindless Violence' – another song with its roots in the trouble which constantly reared its head at gigs and elsewhere. I had started to write for Sounds (under the rather silly pseudonym of John Opposition) and, in an act of spectacular and shameless nepotism, my very first review was of a Neurotics gig in Brixton: word about the band was certainly beginning to get around.

I had just had a rave review in Melody Maker as well as the Sounds feature and the NME coverage, and John Peel was busily playing our first EP despite the fact that I had only been gigging for a year and a half, Attila the Stockbroker was a name quite a few people had heard of, and I did my best to make sure that those who had heard of me knew exactly where I stood politically. I hoped, and believed, that a gig that openly made a stand against fascist intimidation and violence in the punk/skinhead scene, held at a club with a reputation for it, would get a lot of support.

On the morning of the gig I had a call from Gary Bushell, who told me that he had firm information that a group of hardcore fascists, including some of the London organisers associated with various football 'firms', were going to attack the gig. He himself had been on the receiving end of nazi thuggery (contrary to some rumours, the fascists hated Bushell) and I took what he said very seriously. There was no way we were backing down, though – opposing fascist violence was the whole point of the event, and from recent numbers at gigs I fully expected that we would have enough people on our side to deal with any trouble. The venue had promised to provide extra security as well.

We turned up, did our sound checks, and soon Chris Moore arrived, along with his and my mutual friend Dagenham Pete, a big, affable but very hard redskin (left wing skinhead, for the uninitiated: nothing to do with Sitting Bull or the gridiron football team from Washington DC!) At that time, Chris was writing for the NME as X Moore: as Chris Dean, he'd just started his seminal, inspiration punk/soul crossover band The Redskins (see above) who were to release their first single 'Lev Bronstein' a couple of months later, followed by the awesome 'Lean On Me' which certainly fulfilled their manifesto 'to sing like The Supremes and walk like the Clash' and paved the way for them to become one of the greatest (and most politically aware) bands of the mid Eighties. Anyway, Chris confirmed everything Garry Bushell had said: on his way to Skunx he'd been in the same carriage as a large group of fascists who were discussing exactly how they were going to carry out the attack. I warned the (two!) bouncers and we waited for the anti-fascist hordes to arrive to help us defend the gig.

And waited. And waited.....

A few friends and supporters arrived: Joy and Mary, by now becoming very much a part of my life, a few of Sub-Active's mates, two or three people I recognised from political rallies and a gaggle of twenty or so Attila/Neurotics fans, most bringing apologies from various friends and fellow fans who (let's not beat about the bush here) were too scared to show up. But we were well outnumbered by the fascists: forty or so of them, nearly all boneheads in the obligatory green bomber jackets (watch it! -ED) apart from the organisers, who were casuals. I recognised quite a few 'faces'. Rather than just charge in and start smashing things up, which is what I half expected, I had been surprised and rather amused to see them enter in dribs and drabs, presumably to avoid detection by the bouncers, and pay their entrance money quite meekly (subsidising us 'commies', since our fee was a percentage of the door take!). Then, even after they had seen us, the 'junior section' just moved to one side in front of the stage and stood there, obviously awaiting instructions from their leaders. They didn't even buy themselves a beer! They just stood there in silence. To be honest, we didn't know what to do: they hadn't attacked anybody yet, so we decided to start the gig in the hope that the anti-fascist cavalry was just about to arrive. It wasn't.



The atmosphere was utterly surreal. Sub-Active played to forty silent, sullen and menacing fascists standing, fittingly, on the right of the stage, while thirty or so of us (only about half of whom would be any use at all in the forthcoming battle, by my reckoning) did our best to cheer them on from the left. The Neurotics did the same. It was now obvious that the fascists were waiting for me to do my set: why the hell they didn't just attack me there and then and get it over with I had no idea, since I was standing a few feet away from them, but that wasn't their plan. I think they were expecting me to refuse to go on, but there was no way I was doing that, since that would have given them exactly the result they were looking for. I was going to get a kicking, but it would be in a cause for which millions had given their lives, and that put it firmly in perspective. I'd survive. I wasn't going to go quietly either, and I knew that at the very least Dagenham Pete would be on my side, which evened up the odds a bit for starters!

Pete, I haven't seen you for well over twenty years. I hope you're alive, well and happy and wherever you are I salute you. You saved my arse that day...

The Neurotics' set came to an end. I got on stage and plugged my little semi-acoustic mandolin into the phaser unit. The fascists spread across the floor in front of the stage, elbowing our supporters out of the way. Some were reassuringly young and scrawny and obviously stupid even by fascist standards, because when I started my set a few actually applauded the first number until their 'fuehrers' gestured at them to stop: the main bunch, though, were big and knew exactly what they were doing, and the attack was only a matter of time. I did a couple more songs to virtual silence - our fans were only too well aware of what was going to happen, and so was I. Time to get it over with.

I put down the mandolin. 'So what do you want me to do now? Keep going? Any requests?' I said. This did the trick. 'You fucking Commie!' one of the older casual types shouted. 'Shut up!' I said, abandoning caution to the winds. 'Listen to this...!'

I started doing my anti-fascist poem 'Andy Is a Corporatist'. The heckler jumped on stage, grabbed my mandolin and smashed it over my head. Unbelievably, I hadn't thought about the possibility of my instrument being used as a weapon, and I knew instantly that its neck was broken: mad with rage I took a swing at the bloke and then a group of twenty or so fascists charged the stage and started battering me. Suddenly there was the big figure of Dagenham Pete beside me, fists and boots flying, pushing them back: then the two bouncers waded in with baseball bats, and, encouraged, many of the band followers joined the fray. Some of our people sustained minor injuries, I got a fair few whacks in the initial attack and my chin was split open, but even though the odds were against us the fascists were pushed out of the venue and the doors locked. Pete took me down to the dressing room where I surveyed my poor little mandolin, its neck broken, and then Joy and Mary took me to hospital to get my chin stitched up.

The NME ran a big story the following week, written by X Moore from his vantage point under a table (so I was informed!) 'Attila gig wrecked by right wing prats'. The post mortems started, with a phone call to my 'comrades' in the SWP. 'We're not your personal protection squad!' was their retort. That's not what the gig had been about, I said: it was a question of opposing fascist intimidation and defending our culture from the Far Right. My views fell on deaf ears. The SWP had decided that anti-fascist and cultural activism was no longer a priority and they wanted to sell newspapers outside factories. To people like me they were becoming completely irrelevant, and apart from a short and misguided stint in the Labour Party in the mid 1990s, that would be the end of my involvement in organised party politics. Stuff 'em!

As regards opposition to the violence of the Far Right, the gauntlet would soon be taken up in no uncertain terms by Red Action and Anti Fascist Action, some of whose activists were, like me, former SWP members disgusted by the party's betrayal: over the next couple of years the amount of trouble at concerts diminished rapidly as the boneheads got a taste of their own medicine. One particular gig sticks in my mind as a turning point: Ipswich punks The Adicts, Newtown Neurotics and myself at the Brixton Ace - now The Academy - in early 1983. A bunch of fascists turned up, but unfortunately for them so did many of the core activists of what was to become Red Action and AFA, many part of the legendary Hatfield crew: the fascists were routed, and from then on they thought twice about showing up to cause trouble at punk or left-wing gigs. The days of easy pickings were well and truly over, and total respect to all those involved in AFA from that day to this. Skunx didn't last long, incidentally: after a year, at most, the police closed it down, and although in most cases the closure of a venue is bad news, I didn't shed any tears over the loss of that one!

But Skunx was not the only venue in London where the fascists were welcomed, or at least tolerated, for a time in 1982/83: unbelievably, another place was the famous 100 Club in Oxford Street. And before I leave the topic of the far Right, for the time being at least, I must mention one of the most memorable arguments of my life - the one I had at the 100 Club with their musical and spiritual leader, Ian Stuart of notorious Nazi band Skrewdriver.

By late 1982 I was doing regular work for Sounds magazine, reviewing and interviewing prominent and up-and-coming second generation punk bands (Peter & the Test Tube Babies, The Adicts, Conflict, Action Pact, Infa-Riot, Redskins, Anti Social Workers, New Model Army - their first interview, I still love their music nearly 25 years later - plus US outfits like the awesome Dead Kennedys, Henry Rollins' first band Black Flag and The Minutemen) When Black Flag played the 100 Club, Sounds asked me to review the gig. I leapt at the chance - then I realised that there was a problem.

It sounds bizarre, I know, but at that time, for a short period, what is essentially a thoroughly respected and world famous gig venue had earned a justifiably dreadful reputation as a hangout for Nazi boneheads, especially Skrewdriver and their leader Ian Stuart. Skrewdriver, one of the earliest punk bands, had just reformed and 'come out' as Nazis and alongside other fascist bands like Brutal Attack they regularly played the 100 Club, in those very early days still unopposed by the Left (though they soon would be well and truly opposed, all over the country!) As at Skunx, there had been plenty of incidents of fascist-inspired violence at gigs. It wasn't a pleasant place to go, but I wasn't going to miss the chance to review Black Flag, whom I'd heard lots about but never seen live, and off I went.

I was shocked by the relatively poor turnout for a band with their growing reputation, and it was obvious that the atmosphere at the 100 Club was driving people away: groups of fascists were hanging around looking menacingly at the punters who had come to see the band. However, as far as I could see, there was no actual trouble brewing, and I decided to head down the front, where a reasonably decent crowd had gathered. The gig started, and I forgot about the dangers as Henry Rollins and Black Flag delivered a storming set: then, near the end, I felt a tap on my shoulder, and turned round. It was Ian Stuart, with a gang of fascist hangers-on in tow. I was counting on remaining anonymous, just a punter come to see Black Flag. He had recognised me. Shit. 'I want a word with you' he said, beckoning me to follow.

The pogoing had stopped: the crowd had parted like the Red Sea to let Stuart and his mob through. They ruled the roost there, it was as simple as that. With no other option, I moved away from the stage area and was immediately surrounded by Stuart's little gang, other fascists quickly moving over as they saw what was going on. Soon I was in the middle of a bunch of fifteen or so, being elbowed and jostled, and I prepared myself for more of what I had got at Skunx - only worse, since I knew Stuart's reputation and this time I was well and truly on my own. But to my astonishment, he beckoned them to leave me alone. 'I want to talk to you', he said.



I gathered my wits together and for the next ten minutes or so I stood with him in the middle of the 100 Club, surrounded by a circle of his acolytes, arguing about politics, with Black Flag playing in the background. Ian Stuart put the standard case for Strasser-style fascism (the 'proletarian' variant of Nazism favoured by the Brownshirts and wiped out by Hitler in the Night of the Long Knives) as an ideology for white working class people. I told him that fascist leaders will always eventually side with the rich, as the Night of the Long Knives proved, and that people like him would end up eliminated, as happened to Brownshirts like Ernst Rohm or Gregor Strasser. Furthermore, since the main fascist 'fuehrer' of the time, John Tyndall, famously viewed rock 'n' roll as 'jungle music', Skrewdriver wouldn't have much chance on Nazi Top Of The Pops. We argued for a bit: of course I didn't get anywhere, but he didn't try and intimidate me, which again astonished me.

By this time Black Flag had finished their set, and the club was closing. Right, I thought, now I get a kicking. But no: he gestured toward the door. 'See ya' he said. As I moved away, a few of his hangers-on started having a go at me, but, once again, he called them off. One young kid followed me out. 'Power to the people' he said. 'The white people'.

Ian Stuart, full name Ian Stuart Donaldson, who was killed in a car crash in Derbyshire in 1993, had a horrible reputation for violence and as lead singer of Skrewdriver is responsible for some of the most evil fascist songs ever written - I have heard some of them, and what makes them especially dangerous is the fact that he could write a reasonable tune. He is an icon of the far Right, especially in mainland Europe, where his recordings still sell in their thousands. To this day, I have no idea why I didn't end up in hospital that night.

Soon afterwards, media pressure forced the 100 Club owners to kick the fascists out. I've been back a few times since: it's a world famous venue, and a great place to do a gig. I wonder what the hell the people running it at that time thought they were doing, turning it into a Nazi drinking den?

You did a great piece on Islamic fundamentalism on My Space. For those who haven't seen it, tell us briefly your views.

I am opposed to all forms of discrimination, homophobia and sexism and don't give a monkey's about the racial origins of those who come out with such shit. To defend it, in any way, in the name of 'multiculturalism' is guilt ridden, misguided, 'liberal' bullshit and is storing up problems for the future of cultural and race relations in this country. I'm not sure about multiculturalism, to be honest. I believe in integration. Oh no! See the sacred cow? I've just shot it!

To ask you what you think of the Government's abhorrent taxation changes would be a bit daft I know, but what hope for those trying hard to keep their heads above water? Are Britain's working class drowning?

(Attila referred us to another of his My Space blogs, printed in full here)

n tepee the world



New Labour - corrupt, warmongering, usurious, poor-brutalising, traitorous dregs of humanity

Every day, the filthy, warmongering, profiteering scum which has taken over what was, once, the progressive socialist party of the British people comes up with a new and greater insult to the memories of those who founded it and the efforts of those who have campaigned to get it elected. I thought (for instance) putting up the taxes of the poorest people in society while allowing the super rich to continue to flaunt their wealth was as low as they could go - but no. I thought (for instance) war criminal Blair forcing through a massive arms deal with the corrupt thugs who run impoverished Tanzania - whose money needs to be spent on food for its people - was the last straw - but no. The government are now openly saying that they will give in to external threats (in this case from the Saudis over the BAE scandal) and combine with the Tories to pass a law which will enable them to bypass the UK legal system whenever they feel like it. Basically, if you are a foreign power which is rich and powerful enough, in the future you will be able to do what you like in this country. And this from a government which says there will be no deals with terrorists!

Over and over again, the Blair/Brown administrations have introduced policies even Thatcher would have balked at, against the expressed wishes of their own supporters. And come the next election they'll say - again - 'Whatever we do and however you feel about it, you've got to campaign and vote for us! You've nowhere else to go! If you don't, the Tories will get in and it will be even worse... And we have to have these policies because if we do anything even slightly radical Rupert Murdoch will call us 'Loony lefties' and tell the Sun readers to vote Tory.....'

Democracy, eh. Basing your policies on what a foreign media magnate whose hero is Margaret Thatcher wants to see happen in the country.

On Friday night I stayed with a lifelong Labour activist who, like thousands of others, has given up in disgust. She told me that in her constituency the local MP will have no canvassers at the next election. I've seen it in countless places where I've gigged, all over the country, North, South, East and West. I've seen it here in Sussex, where Labour once controlled our local Adur council, but since the Gulf War has disintegrated as activists leave in droves. They know they have no say, that they are simply seen as foot soldiers and walking rubber stamps for policies which go against everything they believe in, and they have gone.

I think the best thing that could happen now is for the entire membership to desert en masse, leaving the Blairite toadies literally on their own on the streets at the next election.

They have destroyed ordinary people's faith in their ability to influence events, to make change, to control their own lives through activism and the ballot box. They have broken the hearts of their own supporters. They do not deserve our support, or our votes. Abandon them. OK, the Tories will get in. So

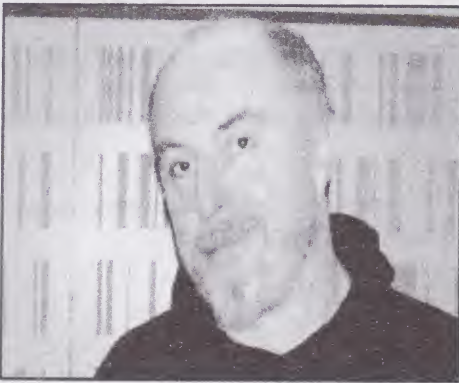
what? They have the same policies, and we KNOW they're bastards. And once the Blairites are humiliated, defeated and abandoned, the real battle for the Labour Party can begin.....again.

Ken Livingstone (despite some serious mistakes and some reactionary policies) has proved that you don't need to be a right wing Tory in Labour clothes to get popular support, and he has made New Labour dance to his tune. It is eminently possible to win as a radical campaigning party against Murdoch, as Ken has against the Evening Standard, and hopefully will again.

And once we have won, we should simply shut Murdoch down. That would be democracy!

"Asylum Seeking Daleks" is one of the funniest pieces of satire I've heard. But how do we deal with the resentment caused by unscrupulous employers pitting 'economic migrants' against the local workforce? In Consett for example, some factories will only employ Poles as they are less likely to complain about dodgy working conditions (being cheated out of tea breaks, ripped off for overtime etc) etc...

It's the nature of capitalism that employers will give work to the people they can make the most money out of, and workers will (if they can) go to the places where they can earn the most. The EU (and its expansion) works in favour of capital and against labour in this regard. I have always said: I am in favour of a European Union of the people, not of the corporations. It is obviously a difficult situation and to say 'destroy capitalism and you destroy the problem' is facile. There needs to be unity and solidarity between the workers of all backgrounds. This is, of course, easier said than done given that many Poles have a very favourable attitude to the 'free market' and 'competition' as a reaction to the caricature of socialism they lived under previously. But it is the only way forward, however difficult, otherwise there will just be a great big ruck and the only people who profit will be the bosses!



I sometimes get stick for listening to Radio 4 as it would seem that it's not 'punk rock' enough; too highbrow for some. I find it refreshing hearing you (and Joolz) in different settings from the stage at Blackpool to 'serious' radio. Fans can be fickle and I remember Joolz once commenting on the way some NMA fans were horrified when Justin did something as simple as cutting his hair. Have you experienced any inverted snobbery or criticism for choices you have made during your career?

Not really. I've always made it clear that I'm not some kind of cardboard cut-out stereotype 'punk' - I'm just myself. I'm as happy on Radio 4 as I am in a squat in Berlin! I believe in taking my message to as wide and diverse an audience as I possibly can, without compromising what I have to say. Simple as that really....

Talking of Blackpool, we enjoyed your various performances at Blackpool in 2006 and it's good to see you and Barnstormer back on the bill at Rebellion this year. We wondered why you weren't there last year. Was it a conscious decision to have a break from it or did you not get an invitation?

Darren, who runs it, didn't invite me last year. he wanted me to have a 'year off'. I was a bit surprised because I went down well enough both solo and with Barnstormer and most of the cast at Wasted seem to be there year in, year out! But it gave me a chance to do the Rhythm Festival instead, which was great fun. Looking forward to being back at Wasted this year though.

So, how does living on the palatial South coast compare to 'Newtown' life in Harlow? Do you think there is any way back from the ghettoised areas of our towns and cities, and what hope for those with no escape?

Funny question. I am sitting here in Southwick, in the house I grew up in. I am FROM the South Coast, hence my lifelong devotion to the mighty Brighton Hove Albion FC! I moved to Harlow in the late 70s cos I had a short lived job at Gilbeys (booze warehouse) met the Newtown Neurotics and the rest of the punk scene and stayed there, on and off, for 12 years.. but I'm from Good Old Sussex by the Sea!

The only hope for the ghettoised areas is for massive injections of targeted cash, gleaned from the pockets of the rich. The rich are getting richer, poor are getting poorer and New Labour is accentuating the process. It's contemptible beyond belief. We need a completely new radical party to speak up for the disenfranchised in society.

Leading on from the last question, some say there can be any excuse for the so called 'feral' youth who kick to death the bloke protecting his home and the lass just for being a Goth? Do we write them off as worthless scum, or try to see beyond the senseless brutality? Does the blame lie within the home or wider society?

Interesting, as you say, leading on from the last question. Maybe I'm going to surprise you here. Sorry, I write them off as worthless scum, brains filled with video nasties, brutal computer games and evil lyrics. Maybe I shouldn't, but I do. For me this particular problem has got far more to do with the stuff people are watching/listening to these days than their economic situation. Extreme violence is becoming recreational, a commonplace in the entertainment media, and people are becoming desensitized. The existence of 'films' like 'Saw' and 'Hostel' is to me an indictment of the very essence of the society in which we live: anti-human, anti life. I DO believe that people are influenced to brutality by this stuff, and if that makes me sound like Mary Whitehouse, TOUGH SHIT!! An acquaintance of mine is doing a life stretch for an awful crime fuelled by torture porn. I speak from the heart here.

There are plenty of people who live in economically deprived areas who don't behave like filth, and round here (not a deprived area in the main) we have knife merchants, sadists and brutal, shitty little coward bullies too.

We'd like to think our mates were sound, so I was a bit surprised to hear the bit in your last answer about the torture porn incident. Did you have any idea the perpetrator was a wrong un? What happened? Would you like to see some - or all - porn censored?

The bloke wasn't a friend, but an acquaintance, someone I knew a bit through the local music scene: he put on gigs at my local pub, and I put his band on a couple of times. I thought he was just an ordinary local bloke. He was convicted for a murder connected to horrible strangulation fantasies fuelled by

hours surfing porn showing women being tortured. The mother of his victim launched a campaign (which I think is going to be successful) to ban extreme violent/torture porn from the net (or as much as it is possible to do so)

I certainly would like to see the making of films where the only object is to depict gruesome scenes of torture and violence come to an end. I cannot understand how anyone wants to watch such stuff and to be honest if I meet someone who does it makes me wonder about them a bit! I'd prefer this to

Cheers to Attila for the great answers.
We will be looking out for his book
"Arguments Yard"



bit! I'd prefer this to happen via a media campaign which would simply make the people who make/watch such things objects of ridicule and suspicion, rather than a ban, 'cos censorship is a slippery slope. Cue people saying 'Don't you tell me what I can and cannot watch...' 'Don't say that to me; say it to a grieving mother. I don't think that woman would be dead if such stuff didn't exist.

To end on a lighter note.. being the creator of the legendary Tirana Thrash, are you a zine enthusiast? If so what do you rate and can the lowly fanzine survive in this age of electronic downloads and my space?

I did indeed run *Tirana Thrash* ('the ranting poetry 'zine with the special Albanian bias') for 3 issues, and for many years after that wrote for the Brighton footie zines. I have to disappoint you and say that these days, the internet has in the main supplanted the printed zine for me, though when I am presented with one I still avidly read it (as long as it's good, obviously!). In our battle to save Brighton FC the zines played a huge part in the early days - but once we got an interactive discussion board it was so much easier to run/organise things (our Top 20 hit in 2005 was entirely internet-organised: if you're out of the loop go to myspace.com/seagullsska and all will be revealed!) But there is most certainly a place for the paper zine in 2008 and I heartily commend you for doing one!

All the best.. Attila

BOOK

JOAN HANNINGTON- *I Am What I Am*

It may look like a chick novel but!! Like many a true crime writer, Joan relives her brutal childhood at the hands of a father who was that bad, as he lay on his deathbed she smirked and muttered "hurt me now you bastard!". This is a fascinating tale of crafty scams that begin when she gets a job in a shop, her boss is being investigated by CID, and she takes the chance to liberate thousands of pounds of jewels (I don't think that's what Weight Watchers had in mind when they said 'watch what you eat'!). All kinds of fun and games are indulged in from then on; she even had her own jeweller to make up fake stones, which she would swap for real ones after distracting the assistant. She starts living with a dodgy geezer who's got his own set of scams, and (in the interests of self preservation should either be arrested) they tell each other bugger all. Bad move when you're kidnapped by loons who think you can tell them where your bloke's stash is (She was tortured for hours and left with cuts bruises and even tab burns on her vag) Before long though you start to lose sympathy as she pisses thousands up the wall on clothes etc and associates with questionable 'high society' characters, one of them fleeing Castro in Cuba. Plenty more tales ensue and all told brilliantly, with a great air of suspense. A gripping read from beginning to end.



New Model Army may not be fashionable and are easy to snigger at and dismiss as a niche band, but I am proud to be a long standing follower and from the moment I heard Christian Militia at the Retford Porterhouse in 84, I've been hooked!

I am writing this review with the great philistine himself making childish comments over my shoulder about the latest studio album from my favourite band of all time. Of course it's all a little bit deep and tuneful for the King of Oil to appreciate.

Although I could be accused of not being objective, I do have to say that this is a tremendous offering with all the power, majesty and subtlety of its predecessors. I must admit that the last album 'Carnival' took some time to grow on me, however, this grabbed me straightaway.

The album starts and ends with two powerful tracks that would make any self respecting NMA fan want to get on a pal's shoulders and reach for the rafters (ala 80s gig style) The anthemic **Wired** bursts out much in the style of 'Wonderful Way to Go' full of passion and power. **Bloodsports** is a damning expression of the continued futility our soldiers being thrust into war zones to fight, keep peace (ha) and die, all for what.. oil? power mad politicians? you know the score.

Title track '**High**' reminds us that the push and shove of modern life, the greed, jockeying for position and lust for power, is all a load of bollocks in the great scheme of things. I knew it would only be a matter of time before Justin Sullivan would tell the world of his great love and total devotion for me, but sadly **Dawn** (fine song that it is) is not that, ah well next time maybe.

Sky in your Eyes, Breathing and Rivers are the slower tracks, but the pace takes nothing away from their strength. In fact there are no weak tracks here. You've got it all: fine musicianship, faultless delivery with passionate and intelligent lyrics, social comment, celebration of nature and dare I say it spiritual and beautiful music (or boring - ED)

... and for the record... clogs are cool!

THE CHARVER TIMES

STOP ME AND BUY ONE

Local drug dealer Alfie the Chemist is to star in TV's The Apprentice after hitting upon a revolutionary business idea. Alfie, from the Warzone, South Moor, Stanley, noticed that most of his customers were under ASBO curfew, so he decided to take the gear to them! Alfie's round starts at Poplar Street at 8PM and ends at Burglars Place at 9PM.

Alan Sugar commented "what a fucking great idea!"

CHARVA IN SMOKING LAW LOOPHOLE

A charva from Gateshead has found a loophole in the smoking ban laws. Terry Smallcock from Sunnyside discovered that it is illegal to smoke in any building with 3 or more sides, so now, if he fancies a tab while waiting for the bus he kicks all the windows out!!



BROTHERS IN OLYMPIC BID

Two brothers from Gateshead are planning to take part in the 2012 Olympics. Bobba Scrote is training for the Mens' Steeplechase and recently cleared four five foot fences in 60 seconds. Now he has to repeat the task WITHOUT being chased by 2 coppers. Meanwhile his brother Dale aims to enter the Mens' Discuss event after stealing a set of wheel trims and

managing to put every single one through the Paki shop windows at a distance of 300 yards.

MURAL GRANT APPLICATION

A charva from South Stanley has applied to the arts council for a grant after compiling a 10' x 12' wall mural of happy slapper victims. Vinny Scratte of Shithouse Gardens reveals the theme behind it is "beating the fuck out of any cunt who's vulnerable" and the mural features pensioners, goths, someone who looked as if he might be gay, a student who objected to Vinny feeling his lass up on the bus, and his community service supervisor ("that one wasn't really vulnerable but when you hit them with a wheel brace they all go down").

An arts council source said "we don't comment on applications accompanied by death threats".

CHARVETTE IN SEX CHALLENGE

A Christian radio station is sponsoring a 19 year old Bensham charver lass to keep her legs shut! The radio station, Looneypensioner FM, has bet Tasha Fannybucket a crate of White Lightning that she can't abstain from sex for 24 hours. Although her friends think she hasn't got a chance, Miss Fannybucket, a mother of 6 (all in the hands of sershal services), told us she has a secret weapon to win the charva nectar - she plans to hang round with members of the Gateshead evangelist church, *The Latter Day Asylum of Easily Led Freaks*, until the time passes.

She told us that by associating entirely with people who are only interested in small boys until the 24 hours passes, the crate of White Lightning is as good as her's, and that she plans to celebrate by "deeing the whole street"!

HOLIDAYS WHITBY GOTHFEST

*Coach with refreshments (White Lightning)

*Accommodation included (polis station)

BRING KNIVES AND CAMERA PHONES

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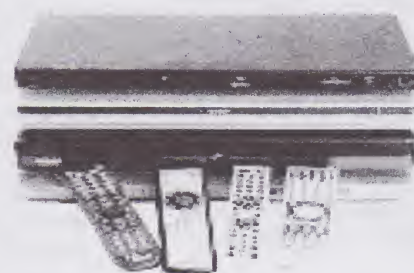


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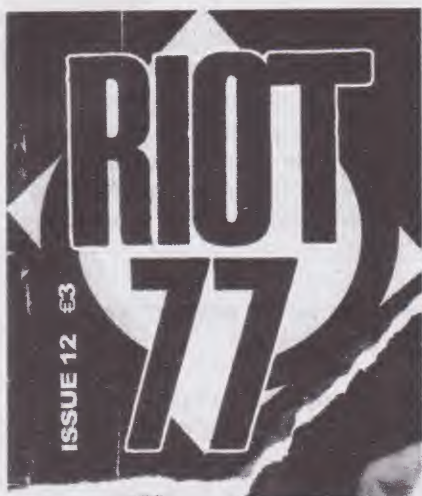
HASH CONVERTERS

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Turn next door's telly, DVD, computer or hifi into a big block of skunk!

Bring fake ID



If you've never heard of RIOT 77 you are missing out on simply the best zine around. If fanzines had as much kudos attached to them as bands, this one would be COCK SPARRER. There are many glossy magazines that pop up in newsagents but few have the writing ability that this has. Thorough is the word here. Ultra indepth interviews with no stone left unturned, and controversy galore. The editor Cian is the Kate Adie of punk. "Don't go there!" ? He's already been! When Mensi accused Mark Brennan of being a Tory Boy, it was Mark's turn for an interview the next issue, and that was one of the first questions Cian asked him (he denied it thankfully!). Riot 77 combines punk obsession with a healthy dose of cynicism. Thanks to Cian for the great interview.

What were you doing leading up to the magazine? I can't imagine you went head first into such a huge project? How many do you get printed and dare I ask the cost?!

As far as fanzine publishing goes, Riot 77 is pretty much my first stab at it. The closest I came to anything remotely akin to it was being asked to interview a couple of bands for another Dublin fanzine in the late '90's. I willingly took up the offer and interviewed Girls Against Boys and Snuff within a couple of weeks of each other when they played in Dublin. Having transcribed both interviews and written intros for them before turning them in, I was a little disappointed when neither ended up being published and the fanzine folded after two issues. This is common practice as you well know, so based on how much I enjoyed the interviewing experience I continued to line up others with various bands. At this point I was living in Boston, which was at the height of their '90's Punk boom and bands like Showcase Showdown, The Trouble, Ducky Boys, Unseen, Pinkerton Thugs and of course Dropkick Murphys were all at their peak, which made for a very vibrant Punk scene around the city. When I returned home to Dublin I'd accumulated a wealth of taped interviews, photographs, records, fliers etc etc. I was never fully sure what I intended to do with it all, but I soon realized it was way too much to submit to another fanzine as there was clearly enough material to fill one on my own. Also, at the time in Dublin Nosebleed was really the only fanzine that was around which focused on the music I was interested in reading about and had a style of writing I could identify with, so I figured I'd publish something myself. The first issue came out in June of 2000 and was photocopied and stapled. It sold well so I followed it up six months later with another one. Once I began to generate some revenue through advertising and getting paid from distros for the first two issues, I began using a printing press. When I handed in issue 4 to the printers they asked me what paper I wanted the job printed on as it all cost the same regardless. To this day that still strikes me as odd, but naturally I chose glossy paper if it was all the same to them and that's where I'm still at today. Print runs have varied, but its generally between 500 and 1000. It's a nice figure to be able to handle and I can just about manage to keep on top of things at that level. Printing costs usually come in at under a grand, but the one thing that really kills me (and I'm sure you'll testify to this) is postage costs. That now outweighs the cost of the magazine, which is ridiculous. I do everything I can to keep the cover price as low as possible, but postage completely offsets all my efforts, with foreign orders now costing an additional 3 Euro per copy.

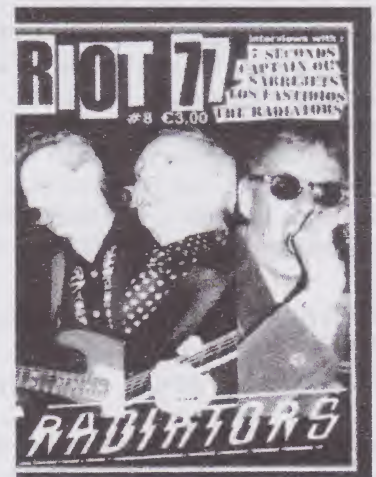
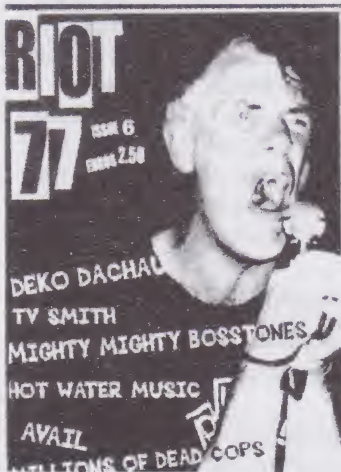
In England the only glossy music mags in shops are bland shit that only feature trendy bands (well Big Cheese finally caught onto Cock Sparrer a few months ago). Do you think these are a complete farce or is it better than no punk coverage at all?

It's a different bottom line at that level. When overheads reach the point of Big Cheese, you're really not in a position to cover bands based on how much you like them or how important you feel they are. You cover what sells basically and if publishers feel there's a market out there for bands, be it Cock Sparrer or My Chemical Romance, then they'll cover them without differentiating between the two. Events like HITS and WASTED have proven there's a loyal audience still there for old Punk Rock and of course the bigger magazines are going to capitalize on that. That's part of the reason fanzines have always appealed to me; the writing is just more honest and should be written at the mercy of no one. I've been into music and reading about it since I first went to an AC/DC gig when I was 12, but I didn't start reading fanzines until maybe four years later. There's was a notable difference between the two and my experience of fanzines at the time was of writers who didn't hold back on what they were saying. There was no hidden agenda there. There weren't the same constraints I seen in the more mainstream press and it was that style of writing that connected with me most. I think when people buy fanzines they buy them because of the fanzine itself and not for who's on the cover or even necessarily what bands are in it and I think that's a good thing. You know the writing is going to connect with you on a level the corporates aren't capable of and that's why bigger indie publications like Razorcake continue to prosper, in spite of repeatedly putting bands on the cover that most people have never heard of. Flipside and Maximumrocknroll adapted a similar strategy before them and it also proved to work. It's difficult for me to comment on the relevance of a magazine like Big Cheese as

it isn't informing me about anything I'm not already aware of and the Punk bands they do feature are covered far more in depth in the underground press. At best I think magazines like that can be viewed as entry-level stuff for people not familiar with fanzines. To Big Cheese's credit they do review fanzines and that in turn may inspire people to check them out, thus exposing them to a new world. They've also taken on board some halfway decent reviewers and writers who have a background in the stuff they're reviewing, though you could also argue that this is merely to administer the mag some street cred. It's difficult to say if these magazines really have any impact on the underground. We've been self-sustainable for such a long time at this point that I think it makes little difference in the long term.

You can be brutally honest at times! Tell those who might not have seen it what pissed you off about the REJECTS book (and has Traycey Oi Town caught up with ya yet ha ha!) ?

I try to be as honest as I can, otherwise what's the point? You may as well just reprint the press sheet. Firstly, I'd like to point out that I rate the music of the Rejects highly and have been a long time fan of their work. As far as the early '80's lot go I'd rate them just below the Upstarts and early Sham. As for Stinky Turner's autobiography, well its difficult to know where to start. I think I was a bit naïve entering into the whole thing and genuinely never had any clue that Stinky was either a conservative or a royalist. I have since loaned out my copy of it, so I don't have the book on hand to quote you anything from it, but to me I felt he completely missed the entire point of what Punk Rock stood for. I'm baffled as to what attracted him to it in the first place and even more confused at how great the Rejects ended up being. Stinky came across as a right-wing Tory and I found his beliefs were on par with those of a Daily Mail reader. The morals upon which Punk Rock established itself were of respect, loyalty, community and, perhaps above all else, accepting nothing without question. Stinky displayed none of these qualities and from labeling those on the dole as "scroungers" to championing the cause of Lord Mountbatten, to posing with Union Jack flags on the day of Charles and Dianna's wedding, the last time I'd read such garbage was when I picked up a copy of the Sun that a co-worker had left behind in the work canteen about fifteen years ago. There were just way too many contradictions in that book to overlook. How can you say people on the dole are scrounging off the state, but completely overlook it when his Royal Family are doing exactly the same thing? Either they're both wrong or they're both right. And as for sympathizing with Mountbatten, bare in mind what happened to him was exactly what he'd spent his entire life dishing out to other people. I was also disappointed with how Vince Riordan was portrayed in the book; how could he, being an Irishman, lower himself to the level of a Sun reader? The book was the embodiment of everything I hated about Thatcher's Britain of the '80's – grab what you can while you can and fuck everybody else; I'm the only person that matters. And for reasons of clarity, I am not anti-British people; any I've met who are even remotely clued-in were even more disgusted than I was at what went on over there during that woman's reign. I just felt betrayed that Stinky Turner and the Rejects were so much a part of it.



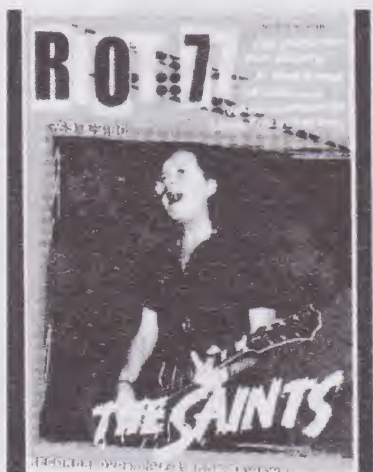
Have you had any grief / huffs/ threats over any of your comments (from any band) ?

Hardly an issue goes by where I don't manage to upset someone. It's inevitable and part and parcel of what I do. I think it can only be viewed as a positive thing and shows that people are paying attention to the fanzine. However, I would never like to be seen as someone who offends for the sake of offending and I like to believe that all criticism in the fanzine is of a constructive nature. In recent times we've seen a rise in backslapping fanzines, to the extent where there's no point in even reading them anymore because you know they're just going to say how great every band is. I never want to become like that! I also think a sense of humour is important and sometimes people miss that element of it. I'm not going to spell it out but it should be glaringly obvious when I'm taking the piss, but even that can be too much for some people to handle. It still surprises me how conservative some of those who label themselves as Punks can be. I generally find that those who make the loudest noises/complaints contribute very little to the community and don't stick around for very long. It's worth noting that being a fan of a band doesn't mean you have to put them up on a pedestal and kiss their arse at every

given opportunity. None of my favorite bands are without their questionable moments and I think we as fans have an obligation to say it when they misfire. There was an excellent book written by Alex Ogg called "No More Heroes" that came out recently and he really gets that point across. It's clear he's a devout fanatic of the bands he covers, but at the same time he's questioning of them also. He takes the bands apart to see how they work and that's what made the book such an enjoyable read. It wasn't just biography after biography for three hundred pages. Most bands I find respect me more for the honesty as I guess it makes a change from them repeatedly meeting people who only want to idolize them., which seems to be a lot more common place these days. I've never been into that; we're all human at the end of the day and each of us have flaws. Punk was supposed to encourage people to think for themselves, not tell them how to think, but that ethos has been lost on a lot of people.

Has your contempt for bands like DROPKICK MURPHYS subsided over the years? What was it that most annoyed you about em? Did you get your £20 tour t-shirt this year?

This is a good example of the point I touched on above. A lot of it was taking the piss out of their leprechauns and shamrocks image. Ken Casey was livid over this at the time, based not only on comments I had made, but also what other Irish bands I interviewed had to say. There was a general feeling of unease in this country at the time surrounding Dropkick Murphys and Ken really picked up on that. We just couldn't understand where they were coming from. I mean there's a song on their first album called "Get Up" which talks about them going up North to see the Stiff Little Fingers playing. Did they live here? Are they Irish? Are they American? No one knew. It turned out that song was fictional which even further confused matters. In hindsight it makes a little more sense to me now and if you've ever been to the neighborhoods where these blokes come from, you'll understand they are genuinely just a product of their environment. There're neighborhoods in South Boston that are more in touch with their Irish heritage than anything you'll see in this country, which is a great shame on us as a nation. To their credit that band have achieved so much and stuck to their guns when it comes to doing business. Also lyrically nothing has been diluted in their transition to the big stage and they still champion the causes of Trade Unionism and strength in community rather than the individual, which is something I can identify with. The fact that a large portion of their audience now consists of kids under sixteen years of age is also important. It gives me a bit of hope for future generations when I see kids being instilled with these values rather than the mindless skanger culture that's eating up so many of their peers. Personally their early work is what I will always favour and Mike McColgan was THE frontman of his day when he lead that band. I went to see them this year and whilst it wasn't the same as seeing them in the '90's it was great to see that many young people in attendance who could identify with the band.



I sent UPROAR an interview for the zine (they were in the very first issue and it was even named after one of their songs) yet after 2 months and 6 or 7 emails hassling their manager all the band sent back was 3 answers (one of which was 3 words). I know you do your interviews face to face but have you had any similar experiences of bands not playing ball? Have any got really huffy that you dared to ask em certain questions or question their beliefs?

Oh yeah, haven't we all!! As you say, I do as many interviews as I can face to face now and that's because of my experience with email interviews. It can be particularly aggravating when you can't pull the subject up on something they said in their answer and it then looks as though you're letting them off the hook when it comes out in print. I gave up on it a long time ago and the furthest I'll stretch to these days is a phone interview, but only if its a band I really want to talk to and there's no humanly possible way of meeting them face to face. I also like to use my own photographs for the interviews and that's another down side of not conducting them in person – I have to use press shots that everyone has seen a hundred times before. Still though even in person it can be like pulling teeth at times and a recent example of that was Steve E Nix from The Briefs who I interviewed in London a couple of years back. This particularly annoyed me

because it was The Briefs publicist who contacted me about doing the interview in the first place. I'd always loved the band, but based on their lyrics figured they had fuck all to say, so never approached them about an interview. However when they began to actively seek media coverage I figured they must want to play ball and have something to get off their chest. I made the effort of traveling to London for this and after the band didn't turn up for our first engagement I was forced to wait till after the gig to do it. At this point Steve E' was about as forthcoming as Margaret Thatcher when she was asked to sit down with Gerry Adams. Fair enough, we all have bad days, so I gave him the opportunity to follow up his answers via email some weeks later. When the reply finally came through he basically informed me he had nothing else to add. Needless to say I didn't appreciate being given the runaround like that. More recently we have Darren "no politics man" Russell. Quite a character who came to Dublin twice to do the interview, but backed out on both occasions. I'm still not sure why, but I spent two weekends chasing him around Dublin like an idiot. And again the same cherry sits on the top of this cake – he approached me about doing the interview, not the other way around. Who knows why people react like this: I guess they get itchy feet or else aren't really sure about their position on various issues to begin with. In that case, they shouldn't waste my time. I don't think these people appreciate the amount of preparation and research that goes into an interview, but I can't afford to lose sleep over these things and move on.

I read in one of the interviews in the new issue that your government is a coalition of Tories and Greens!!???? How the fuck does that work – have they stopped sending the unemployed giros on the pretense of saving trees?

As ridiculous as that sounds, its actually not too far from the truth. How does it work? I think most people are still scratching their heads trying to figure that one out. The Irish political system has been dominated almost exclusively by one Conservative party, Fianna Fáil, since the second world war. They've been in coalition with various other parties down the years to make up governments, but I think their recent allegiance with the Green Party caught a lot of people on the hop. Personally I've never found our Green Party convincing. The majority of their candidates were always middle class students, champagne socialists, political careerists or whatever you want to call them. In spite of doing everything they could to convince the Left they were for real, it just never washed with me. From the opposition benches the Green Party were arguably the most vocal critics of Fianna Fáil policy, but in their private lives, social backgrounds and general lifestyle choices they were almost identical to their opponents. However they ran their election campaign as fervent supporters of the "U.S. Out Of Shannon" movement and spoke at many of the rallies. (Since the Iraq War our government has allowed the US military to use Shannon Airport as a stopover for rendition flights, against the wishes of the majority of the Irish people.) The Green Party also wanted better planning and infrastructure within the public service rather than building private roads through half the country's rural landscape, an end to politicians accepting corporate donations, better student/teacher ratios in our schools and to scrap the government's plans for co-location of hospitals (the government provides funding for developers to build private hospitals on public land). These were the core issues on which they ran their campaign and many on the Left believed the Green's had the best chance in getting our policies implemented. Foolishly instead of voting Sinn Féin or Socialist Party, the electorate gave their vote to the Greens, in the belief that a vote for them was a vote against Fianna Fáil. Had they known in reality they were voting for a Fianna Fáil-led coalition they never would have done it and the country would be better off for it today. In the election, Fianna Fáil received 40% of the votes which wasn't enough to form a majority government and thus they began negotiating with anyone who would sit down with them. Naturally the Greens were the first up to the plate and rolled over on EVERYTHING they claimed to stand for before the election. They got exactly zero concessions in the negotiations and in fact the program for government agreed by both parties was literally copied-and-pasted from Fianna Fáil's own pre-election manifesto. In typical student/careerist fashion, the Green Party were prepared to sacrifice everything they claimed to stand for in return for a seat round the cabinet table. They completely turned their backs on the people who put them there and whilst I was angered by this, I wasn't in the least bit surprised. I think the lesson people should take with them from this is that politicians own social backgrounds and personal lives should add up to what they claim to stand for. Are you going to trust a Labour councillor who sends his children to a private school? Are you going to trust a Socialist who earns five times more than the people he is supposed to be representing? Regrettably those who voted Green last election didn't do their math. I believe the next general election will see the Green Party being wiped out. The Left will never again vote for them and the Right have always perceived them as a bunch of tree-huggers not worth pissing on.

What was it like growing up a Punk in such a religious country? I see you avoided turning out like the bloke from Legendary Shack Shakers who seemed in awe of evangelist loons falling over and all that jazz?

Yup, the Colonol is a strange one. I still don't quite understand how he made that connection between the two. Its almost as if he's airbrushed out enough of the ethos from both Punk Rock and Religion to somehow make them fit together. Still, I guess if it works for him and he can create something worthwhile by using that approach, then so long as he keeps making the music he's making, I'll remain a massive fan of his work. I've interviewed some religious-minded people before such as Wanda Jackson, The Vandals and The Slackers and am always curious as to how they'll justify it. Personally I'd have a hard time incorporating any religious values into what I do. I've thought about this a lot and one thing all three of the above mentioned about religion is that it gives a person a sense of morality, but to say morality is exclusively a

religious value is incorrect and makes the assumption that an atheist is somehow devoid of any morals, which of course is also untrue. I myself was raised with forced religion from my parents, but one thing I remain eternally grateful to them for was their choice to send me to an Irish language school, where the emphasis was on education, heritage and culture, with religion being a separate entity entirely. I'm not sure they fully knew what they were doing when they sent me there, so you could say my rejection of religion came about by default. The church have a long history of being heavily involved in the education system in Ireland; they basically *are* the education system for a lot of people. Most of my peers were educated by either nuns or Christian Brothers and that has had a huge impact on the people they've ended up as today. This starts from as young as three years of age so by the time the child is developed enough to make decisions for themselves it's already too late. The seed has been planted and a religious mindset goes on to shape their lives. Like I've said I was one of the lucky ones who managed to escape and by the time I was ten years old I was already into music, so there was no turning back really. Ireland today likes to view itself as a progressive, forward-thinking nation, which in reality couldn't be further from the truth and religion still very much has a grip on governing the country. It's strange, if you stopped ten random people on the street they would probably say they're not religious, but probe a little deeper and you're likely to find out that they occasionally attend church, their kids study at religious schools, they've been married by a priest, will insist on a Christian burial when they die and to top it off fully intend on instilling all of these values in their children – thus the cycle continues. Ireland remains a very conservative country and that can only be attributed to church and state amalgamating in the 1940's. It may no longer be hip for people to label themselves as religious, but the aesthetic is so deeply embroiled in Irish society that it's inescapable a lot of the time and is responsible for keeping this country in the dark ages an awful lot longer than it needed to be.

I see Boomtown Rats are playing Rebellion this year - what's the score there? Have they played any local gigs? Is it like one original member or something?

I'm not sure what the deal there is, you'll have to ask Darren Russell!! I was certainly surprised to see their name on the line up and my guess is it's a similar situation to Slade being advertised as playing last year – I wasn't there, but I think I'm right in saying it was minus Noddy Holder? I can't see Geldof playing at Rebellion, but the rest of the band would probably do it for a few quid. They haven't played locally that I know of since their full reunion tour that included Geldof a few years back. I've always rated the Rats as it happens and it was pretty much them and the Radiators out there on their own in mid '70's Dublin, which at the time was awash with Showbands. They were two of the only bands who dealt with real issues in their songs and in my mind were the embodiment of Punk Rock – I don't really care whether or not they had beards a few years previously. A song like "Banana Republic" still holds up strong today and I think it is one of the best documents we have of Irish life at the time. Corruption, cronyism, ignorance and bigotry all rolled into a single five-minute Reggae song! Inevitably they fucked off to London, alongside the Rads, to make a name for themselves, which is unfortunate, but really who could blame them? Ireland was an outpost at the time and any good talent was quickly ground down and swept under the carpet.

Many thanks to Cian for the interview. Contact riot77magazine@hotmail.com for ordering details, or those of you in the UK can get copies from me for £3.50ppd (contact trevhagl@hotmail.com)

BUREAUCRATIC SWINES

Just when you think the post office can't possibly get any worse, up pop the new missing parcel claim forms, and some wonderful new rules and regulations that will put even the diehardest of customers off. Basically, if you're an ebayer, you're fucked.

They used to demand a pay pal print out, which alone proves beyond any reasonable doubt that the buyer paid for the specific item, and exactly what it cost. But now they are demanding that *plus* the ebay auction page, item number and item sale page. How the fuck you're meant to find those a month after the sale was completed it doesn't say. In fact finding *anything* on ebay is like working for police murder squad forensics. You could be on for days and still get nowhere. And no doubt that's the point. The post office *know* you're busy. They *know* it will send your stress levels through the roof. They *know* they're being ridiculous.



'I've got his bank statement - see if you can get his mother's maiden name!'

But every aborted claim is money in their pockets to spend on telephone number salaries and bonuses for the fat cat twats who dreamt up these rules in the first place.

Even more bizarre is their demand that buyers who *didn't* pay by pay pal supply them with their BANK DETAILS, and as the buyer isn't even allowed to claim in the first place (despite what the forms would have you believe) that means forwarding them to the sender (who the buyer doesn't trust anyway because they didn't receive the parcel!).

And if you think this is silly, here's a tale from Private Eye from a few months back. Villagers in Richmond, Surrey were delighted to see a new post office open up to (or so they thought) replace the one they closed. Imagine their dismay when it shut down a few days later... Turns out it was a fake post office – a film set where the TV ads for the "people's" post office were done!!!

TREV WATCH



I don't want to go into overkill on this and was going to skip an issue, but I just don't think it's fair to keep these little gems away from you. He'll say I'm exaggerating again, but you know the truth folks..

'I can see clearly now.'

So I'm trying to chill out after another long day at work and I've got old Victor doing his 'I don't believe it!' routine about the computer getting frozen when he's trying to make a Paypal payment. I tell him again and again, it's just one of those annoying things that you have to be patient about. Mind you it's not aided by the fact we have the computer equivalent to a caveman's piece of slate and a rock (that's another story altogether, to file under the 'it's got another 20 years of life in it yet' section.)

Anyway, trying to be helpful I say to him 'have you made sure that all of the other windows are shut?' meaning of course that if you have too many programs (i.e.: windows on the desktop) open it can slow down the processor on the computer) I suspect he thought I was taking the piss a la 'curtain' incident' as reported in the last issue (for those who missed it, it was when he thought the new curtains were causing interference with the broadband signal) He got a teeny bit stropky.. 'yeah, you think I'm stupid, as if

having any windows in the house open will affect the computer' Bless him. I did enlighten him to the concept of a 'windows based computer system'

'Rain, rain.. go away!'

I'm surprised that Trev hasn't been banned from our local Post Office. Fair enough he gives them good trade, but his constant quibbling over weights of parcels and postal prices is enough to send your most mild mannered Post Master into a rage. So obsessed is Trev about saving 10p here and there that I bought him a set of digital postal scales for his birthday. Scarily, he thought that was the best present ever. The problem is that it has made him question further the accuracy of the postal scales and there are numerous trips up and down the road to prove his weighing prowess. Even to the point of shaving off a bit of cardboard or sellotape. Only joking there.. Or am I?

Anyway, as the guy at the Post Office and I stood musing one day, he asked me if it was raining outside, I said 'No', he said 'good' I said 'why'.. apparently a few days before, Trev had walked to the post office (2 buildings away) as it started to rain and apparently in that 30 seconds, the rain has penetrated the cardboard on his parcel and made it heavier, taking it over to the next pricing band! Must have been one hell of a downpour!!

'More! You want more!'

Anyone who knows Trev, knows that he is very 'careful' with his money. Very careful! Trev has certain priorities in life and if it doesn't fall into that category, then it isn't worth considering, never mind paying for. So if it doesn't involve beer, food, music, Ben Sherman shirts or porn.. there's no chance of him coughing up. Now as much as I love living with Trev, my karma is seriously troubled by the surroundings of our palatial home. At a push you could say the house is 'retro' with it's late 70s/early 80s 'chic' but there's no getting away from the fact that it needs a bloody big lick of paint.

Knowing Trev isn't in the slightest bit interested and the fact that I enjoy 'homemaking', (yes there is a tiny bit of femininity in me somewhere) I have happily taken on this huge task. I'm fine with choosing the decor, don't mind trawling the net and the shops looking for things, struggling home on the bus with the stuff and actually doing the decorating.. but I think maybe it would be fair for him to help pay toward it? I wouldn't be so bold as to expect anything as outrageous as a 50/50 split, but a fair contribution would be nice. So after spending the best part of a £100 on stuff I jokingly held out my hand.... And what did he cross my palm with.. yes, you've guessed it.. a fiver (obviously he didn't have any pound coins)

My face must have given away my complete disbelief so he did embarrassedly fumble in his pocket and begrudgingly produce a 20 quid note, but the look of pain on his face was a picture!

'Just go away and leave me alone!'

Is it just Trev or all men who can only do one thing at a time? (apart from drinking and talking crap of course!) When it comes to multi tasking, he just can't do it. So when he's sniffing out bargains at a car boot sale and Son of Oi starts whining that he's bored, Trev will do whatever he needs to do, to shut him up. This means saying 'yes' to his pleas to buy any worthless piece of rubbish that takes his fancy. Rubbish that within 24 hours will end up abandoned on the floor or stuck up the Hoover pipe.

So, when they returned from their usual Sunday morning junk hunt I wondered what little gems would appear. To my absolute horror, he pulls out a pack of joke fags.. very realistic and even expel a puff of smoke when the kid sticks them in their mouth. How cool did he think he was! Now I guess even the smokers amongst you wouldn't really want to see their 10 year old kid stood at the bus stop puffing for England. But, that's the price you have to pay to be left in peace I suppose. Lets just hope he doesn't take a fancy to flick knife next week.. anyone know where you can get an knock off AK47.. it's just for the kid to play with? Keeps them off the streets I suppose.

Thanks to Street Voice's Steve for another great interview.

A friend of mine had mentioned the Strawberry Blondes to me a few times but I never checked them out as the name put me off a bit. Out of curiosity I checked them out one day on My Space and loved what these guys were doing. I picked up a press copy of 'Rise Up' from their label and was converted. Their Punk/Reggae sound just has to be heard and I'll go as far to say they're one of the best bands I've heard in 2008. It was time to catch up with them for an interview and you can read what Mickie has to say on behalf of the band below.



Street Voice: First of all who's in the Strawberry Blondes and who plays what?

Mickie: I play guitar and sing, we got Jim Bones on guitar, Benji on bass, Jay on drums and our good friend sister Emma plays trumpet for us live.

Street Voice: How did you come up with the band name?

Mickie: The name was a conscious effort to avoid the typical punk band name like 'the shits' or something just as clichéd. John Robb always told us to do the unexpected.

Street Voice: So how long have you been going as a band and what made you decide to play the music that you play?

Mickie: We've been firing on all cylinders since 2003. We play the music we play 'cos it's the music we love. Punk rock and reggae. So for us to mix the two is natural. We wear our heart on our sleeve and that's something we've never been afraid of admitting. We operate in a vacuum. We wanna be The Clash, Rancid and Public Enemy all rolled in to one.

Street Voice: You've just recently released the brilliant 'Rise Up' album so were you pleased with the finished results?

Mickie: Yes, it's the best punk rock album of 2007 & we're proud of it. Our only regret is that Joe Strummer never got to hear it

Street Voice: Has the album gone down well with your fans and the music press?

Mickie: The response has been brilliant. All the reviews from the UK, Europe and US have been great. We knew we'd written a great album but it dawned on us the other day that it's critically acclaimed. Now all we got to do is sell some.

Street Voice: How did you manage to get Donn Letts on board?

Mickie: We're massive fans of Don Letts and we're luckily enough to count him amongst our friends. Don's a legend as well as an all-round nice bloke. We dropped him a line, he loved our stuff and agreed to do some remixes for us in-between remixing some tracks for The Ruts.

Street Voice: Are there any changes that you'd have liked to have made in hindsight?

Mickie: Nah, there's no place for regrets. Once the records recorded and out there, you just gotta move on and start thinking about the next one.

Street Voice: In Wales there's a lot of unemployment and with that comes a lot of negativity so are you happy to have created something so cool amongst all that?

Mickie: We're product of where we come from. No one ever made post cards with pictures of Newport on the front. If they did, it'd be all shit and rubble. Thatcher fucking destroyed everything. There's absolutely fuck all around here now. That's we sing songs about people who aint getting a fair deal.

Street Voice: There's been some great Punk bands to come out of Newport like the Cowboy Killers so were bands like that an inspiration to start your band?

Mickie: Yes the Cowboy Killers were like heroes around these parts and Beddis was a total star, brilliant frontman. 'Press And Run Like Hell' was a fucking great album. I used to watch them play TJS every other week with every one from DOA to Rancid to the Bosstones. Good times.

Street Voice: You've a few dates coming up in both the UK and Europe so you looking forward to playing those?

Mickie: Yes we can wait to hit Europe for some headline shows of our own. We were out there last November with The Unseen. Good guys and great band. We've got a few festivals this time around as well. We're looking forward to playing Rebellion in Vienna.

Street Voice: Do you guys get a lot of stick for being from Wales as I know when I used to see Welsh bands like Anhrefn play they used to get loads of mindless abuse when playing in England?

Mickie: No we don't suffer the same shit that Anhrefn did, but then we don't sing in Welsh and times have changed. I think bands like Anhrefn and the Manics in their early days took all the shit for us and opened the doors. Anhrefn are one of the best bands to come out of Wales if not the UK in the last 30 years. Rhys has had us backed from the very beginning. We love Rhys and Sion, good guys. Check 'em out on myspace: www.myspace.com/anhrefn

Street Voice: And talking of Wales would you rather go as an independent country rather than being controlled by a load of dickheads in London?

Mickie: There's not much difference between being ruled by bunch of dickheads in Cardiff than there is being ruled by a bunch of dickheads in London. Plaid Cymru hold no more answers for Wales than the labour party. Aneirn Bevan would be turning in his grave if he saw some of the things those cowboys are up to.

Street Voice: I know all my mates from your neck of the woods like a drink so are you guys just the same and if so any good stories to share?

Mickie: Yes all the usual, temporary blindness in Berlin from drinking to much. Its best not to go into it 'cos you never know who's reading.



Street Voice: Apart from playing a fair few gigs in 2008 are there any other plans in the pipe line?

Mickie: When we get home from Europe in May we're heading straight into the studio to record some new tracks for a single. The second album is pretty much written so we'll be looking at getting that down at the end of the summer.

Street Voice: Anything you'd like to add?

Mickie: Buy our record and come and see us live.

Thanks to Mickie for doing the interview and their manager for chasing it up! I can safely say you'll love what the Strawberry Blondes are up to and don't be a sucker like me and leave it! Spot on band and I hope to see them do their magic live in the not too distant future.

WATCHING THEM WATCHING YOU

Who woulda thought it eh? The Old Bill themselves being spied on! But that's what's gonna happen now they're gonna be 'tagged' so their bosses can see where they are (bad news for pizza shops and chippies!). Yet this form of Big Brother is nothing new. When I



worked at Asda/Walmart there was a camera in the car park (supposedly for the safety of the customers - aye right!) so when we wanted a bit skive we stood in the gully out of sight. The bosses weren't exactly pleased about this, so eventually they hit upon the idea of forcing us all to carry walkie talkies (for our 'safety' - who did they think we were, bar staff in The Lane?). Not just ANY kind of walkie talkie, these were like the big fuck off ones like 80's mobile phones, which you were expected to clip to yer belt (no big deal if you were security but try doing hard manual work with that pulling at yer back all day). When I persistently refused it was like a cat and mouse game, I was in the office more times than the managers themselves. I ended up leaving anyway (my mother was dying of cancer) so I didn't achieve the status of anti-Big Brother martyr, but we had some fucking laughs!

The overgrown public schoolboy of a boss was my own personal stalker and when he followed me into the warehouse one day (expecting to catch me skiving with the forklift driver) I walked straight out of the back of the warehouse and back round to the car park to carry on working while the daft cunt wandered all over the

warehouse trying to find me. 5 minutes later: I caught him shouting at my manager for not keeping an eye on me!

Let's hope the Old Bill give the control freaks a similar run around.

Fucking hell, how bad do things have to be when you start siding with coppers???

DEAD KENNEDYS Electric Ballroom, Camden, London, 28th May 2008

Having seen the Dead Kennedys first time round at the Lyceum ballroom in 1981, I would never imagined that 27 years later I would be seeing them again. However, in the age when everyman and his dog who has ever been in a band for at least 5 minutes decides to reform it can be of no surprise then, that bands with pedigrees such as the DKs do the same. I have to attend such gigs with an open mind, times move on, politics change, as does the hairlines and the personnel. This isn't the 80s anymore, and perhaps some of the lyrics and political leanings are now obsolete. When I first heard that the DKs had reformed without motormouth Jello, I was a tad surprised and disappointed. Surely DKs without Jello is like the 'pistols without Rotten, U2 without Bono, and egg without.....er chips. Anyway, tonight I found myself at the Electric Ballroom, which also doubles up as a market hall in the week, in the posey (some say trendy) Camden Town. I miss the support acts, and walk into a heaving throng of bodies, the place is rammed.



The Dks have again changed the singer and I know nothing about the new guy, expect he sings in some rock band I've never heard of. He bounces on stage and throws himself straight into it. The music is the DKs sure, but....hmmmm, he aint no Jello. What I liked about Jello was his constant talk between songs and interaction with the crowd, he also did some bizarre theatrics. All that is missing tonight, as one song goes into the next and then into the next. the crowd is slow to respond at first, but picks up for 'Nazi Punks' and 'Too drunk to fuck'. There is a small crowd at the front in the moshpit, but most seem to be content just watching the band. The crowd is a mixed bunch, varying in ages and nationalities, but I expect there are a few tourists in here tonight.

The singer jumps off stage and sings leaning over the barrier and the crowd, he disappears from view in a sea of sweaty heads.

Give him his due, he is making an effort, but the songs dont quite sound right, as they miss the distinctive whining tone of Biafra. The guitar still sounds good, but I feel like I'm watching a glorified tribute band. There is no energy coming off the other band members and Klaus Flouride looks almost bored. They play for over an hour and play all the usual suspects but I come away feeling disillusioned that such a fine band has been reduced to plugging the massive hole left by Jello Biafra with someone who doesn't really fit the bill. Perhaps Jello Biafra's shoes are just too big to fill?

by Justin Openshaw

UK Subs, The Tendons - Bedford Esquires 4th June 2008

It's a great testimony to the draw of the UK Subs that they can still muster a fair crowd, albeit it in the arse end of nowhere. Bedford Esquires is a regular gig venue housed in the upstairs of an old brick building in the town centre. I get there just before the first band hit the stage. The Tendons are a local outfit that have been on and off the scene for nigh over 15 years. Fronted by tattooed mainman John they offer up a bruising set of street punk ditties, with titles such as 'Lifes Shit', 'Trendy wanker', 'Fish Fanny'.



I did once hear that John composed most of the lyrics in his works toilet. I can only assume that there was no paper in the cubicle, as judging by the lyrical content of their songs, more shit was dripping out of the end of his pen than his asshole. First time round, they are mildly amusing, but after that they are like one of them annoying little dogs that keeps snapping at your ankles. At first you try and politely push them away with your foot but after a while you just want to boot the fucking thing into orbit. Bands like this either have to be a) very good or b) very funny. The Tendons are neither, and after 45 minutes of songs about female genitals, dildos, tits and slags...well it all gets a bit tedious. The music is tight, meaty and well delivered, but the songs are lame and don't offer anything up new.

If Iggy Pop is the godfather of punk, then Charlie Harper must be the favourite Uncle. Over the years I have seen the UK Subs about 20 times, and I have found that the strength of the band very much relies on the bands ever changing line up. Tonight the line up is Charlie Harper, Alvin Gibbs, Jet on guitar, and Jamie on drums. Charlie Harper leaps up on stage with a big smile on his face. I spoke to him earlier, and he seemed in good spirits. They go straight into it, and deliver us all the favourites such as Stranglehold, Endangered Species, Teenage, etc. Standing in front of Alvin Gibbs bass monitor, I could hear what a difference he made, and the whole wall of sound coming off the stage was pure UK Subs at their best. Jet the Japanese guitarist, posed, postured and pouted with his mad bouffant ice cream cone hairstyle. He may be not to be Nicky Garratt but hes the best guitarist the Subs have had in years. The crowd of ageing punks and rockers responds, and soon the front of the stage is full of fist clenching drunks singing along to 'Born a rocker Die A Rocker'. The floor is covered in beer and bodies and Charlie is in his element. Of course we get 'warhead', but today without the handclaps, also thankfully Charlie had forgotten to bring his harmonica. The subs play for over an hour and come back for an encore which included CID and Disease. Charlie defying his advancing years was jumping around like a teenager. UK Subs have been the mainstay over the years of the punk scene, and tonight we were saw them at their best. There was a nasty internet rumour circulating last year that Charlie Harper had died (when infact it was a cartoonist called Charles Harper) but on tonight's performance, lets hope that never happens. The band will also be featuring all original members when they appear at this years Rebellion Punk Festival, I can't wait!



By Justin Openshaw

Even more MIKE HUNT

Do you remember Julie Dalkin from Dan (now calling herself Julia Dalkin)? The fitter of the two singers who went to join Blyth Power so she could live in London with boyfriend Jamie? Well fuck me if HE isn't now James Hince from the Kills, boyfriend of Kate Moss and SHE is DC Bennett off shitty TV cop show Touch of Frost. I checked her profile on the actors site and it says she won't do nude scenes. Shame that. But fuck, at least someones making a good living by doing fuck all.

The Olympics are getting on my tits already. I'm sick of the fucking platitudes about the purity of sport and the efforts that must be taken to avoid drug takers tarnishing the image of the games. What utter wank. Why? What fucking image?



The games are being held in China where they run people over in tanks. Its being held there for political and economic reasons. Its a great opportunity for western governments and their capitalist sponsors to do business with the totalitarian Chinese leadership. In the past its been held in USA and Russia neither of who are very nice. It would be better if drugs were legalised for it and even better if they were compulsory. If the archery team were on cocaine and the swimmers smacked out of it, that would make it more interesting. Or give the runners loads of speed and meth amphetamine and arm them- what if they had fucking medieval fucking weapons and could hit each other? Imagine the 100m as a massive blood bath. That might be at least an honest representation of their wilful contempt towards each other. Comrade sportsmen? Suck my balls. I hope London 2012 is a massive expensive farce and fiasco* and the elitist cunts that run this country are shown up for the disorganised inefficient useless greedy bastards they are. (*yer behind the times, it already is - ED)

CUTE LEPERS/LOADED 44 - Sunderland Royalty 22/05/08

I've always seen potential in **Loaded 44** but the singer was a bit rocky/poppy. He is long gone and now we got Steve's lass Becky on vocals who combines the moves of Texas Terri with the demonic expressions of Wendy O Williams. A natural entertainer. The songs still don't really say anything, but the guitars are raw, the tunes are good, and Nelly (Lurkers)'s drums clatter like wildfire. I told Steve E Nix afterwards that he's got his work cut out tonight, but nothing much phases him, and the Cute Lepers (also featuring fellow BRIEFS man Kicks) took the floor and Steve E ripped into their best song "(I'm) Out of Order", fronting a bizarre set up that included mod suits (a la Tranzmitors) and 3 Motown type singers at the side of the stage (one being Steve E's bird apparently) and going on to play most of their album and one or two new tracks. The set up was particularly effective on "It's No Use" with its countryesque intro. Liked the t-shirts too; "can't stand modern music- out of order-out of fashion" or something like that. Shame Paul North only ever has size small left. Call yourself an entrepreneur????!!

SECOND - DEVILISH PRESLEY - MORAL DILEMMA - THE TALKS - DEAD HEROS

THEIVING BOSS-TARDS!

When I used to work at Asda I always used to wonder how, if you were caught stealing a Mars Bar worth 35p or whatever, you'd be sacked, yet every day the bosses were stealing 10 - 15 minutes in unpaid overtime from the staff with complete immunity, as ignorant arsewipes felt the need to do their week's shopping nigh-on closing time.

After walking around half blind for the last decade, the unions have finally noticed this sort of thing. Basically they worked out that if the average worker started their year with unpaid overtime, it would be the end of February before they started to get paid.



Now being the sort who learned to stand up for himself at an early age (after being sent to school with a basin cut and offensive clothing!) this never really bothered me except for some evil looks off the bosses when I demanded to be paid for it or walked out on time, but many people find it easier to work for nothing than stick up to the bullies in charge, a bit like little Johnny handing over his pocket money in the hope of not getting any more grief....but that only makes it worse.

And so the cycle continues, stress levels build up - I've even seen people rushed to hospital at my old job - bosses lay off staff and give the work to the already overworked staff that remain.

This crime is more common than shoplifting, burglary and mugging put together, yet shop owners, factory owners, those running the civil service etc, are scamming £££THOUSANDS every week out of their worker's goodwill (or fear) and the worst that can happen to them is a worker with guts asking to be paid what he/she is due. One law for them?

Cheers to Gareth, co ed of early issues of Negative Reaction, for this short interview with Chicken John from The Murder Junkies who achieved notoriety as one of GG Allin's backing bands

Chicken John, why the nickname?

Wow. This is going to be a boring interview. I got the nickname after running from a fight when I was 11. Being from a large Italian family with more than a few John's, it stuck.

I know you from that classic scene in 'Hated', where you banged your head repeatedly on that can! Did you really dislike being in the Murder Junkies that much? Any good tales from those days? What you been up to since the Murder Junkies?

Well. What have I been up to. How to answer this question in a believable way that doesn't make it sound like I'm an ego maniac. First of all, I enjoyed being in the Murder Junkies very much. I was pounding my head with my own fist, dummy. You should try it. It's very cathartic. I have good tales from those days. I put them into a book. I'll release it someday. You'll love it.

Is it true you were in Right Said Fred for a bit? How was that?

I mean your talking about an experience here. "How was it?" is too broad a brush. Without context, it all becomes pretty trite. How was it? Like in 15 words or less? I'm just not that good a writer. Sorry.

What was it like appearing alongside a nudist on Fox News?

I was in a CLOSET with a camera pointed at me. I never actually interacted with anyone that day. A door opened on the street when I buzzed a buzzer. I was told to go to the 5th floor. When I got there, someone behind glass told me 4th door on the right. I went into this tiny room and put the headphones on. They asked me if I wanted a coffee. I told them that I'm intense enough without it. They laughed. Then, they told me through the headphones to look at the camera and starting filming. It was fucking bizarre.

Is America as right wing as us Brits think it is? You're based in San Francisco now, where the vibe must be completely different, right?

Whatever you see on TV is a total manipulation. The

elections are totally rigged. There is no one here who supports the war. Really. Not just here in SF, but anywhere. At this point, Bush is a despised person.



How's your run for Mayor going?

I lost. For fucks' sake, I ran for second place. Came in 6th.

What sort of music are you into? Any new bands you'd recommend?

You'd slap my fat face if you could hear what I'm listening to right now. But I just turned 40. I don't listen to new music. I'm stuck in the late 70's. I'm still listening to Joe Jackson's "Look Sharp" album. On vinyl. But this morning I'm listening to Tibetan chanting. Shanti shanti shanti!

Is it a culture shock going from musician to Mayoral candidate? Any similarities or differences between the two?

I haven't played music since 1994. Where have you been? I'm an aurator. I barked for a circus for 5 years. I still perform, but not in any way that bears any resemblance to anything I was doing in 1990 but in other ways it's the same.

Any advice for us Brits? Why was GG Allin's penis so small?

My advice for you and all Brits is to stop asking Americans stupid questions. GG penis was pretty small, but ya gotta admit... he had big balls!!!!!!

You should send me your email address and I'll put you on my mailing list and you can see what it is that I do in the world which is hard to explain. Send a mail to chickenjohn@chicknejohn.com and I'll subscribe you or anyone else who cares to sign up.

Tashi Delek, Chicken

MURDER JUNKIES

LABELS/AGENCY CONTACTS

All website addresses start with www...

CAPTAIN OI- PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA.
captainoi.com

COLOSSUS PRESS- colossuspress@gmail.com

DIVISION PROMOTIONS- james@caughtinthecrossfire.com

FAT WRECK- fat wreck.com

HOUSEHOLD NAME- householdnamerecords.co.uk

JIB MACHINE- jibmachinerecords.com

JSNTGM- PO Box 1025, Blackpool, FY3 0FA

KJELL HELL- kjellhell.se

KNOCKOUT- knock-out.de

KOI- koirecords.com / mark@koirecords.com

LONGSHOT- longshotmusic.com

MINT- mintrecs.com

NOT ON YOUR RADIO- notonyourradio.com

PEOPLE LIKE YOU- peoplelikeyourecords.com

PUNK SHIT- Rich, 74 Bristnallhall Rd, Oldbury, W.Midlands B68 6TU

REBELLION- rebellion records.nl / myspace.com/rebellion records

REV HQ (Revelation)- revhq.com

ROWDY FARRAGO- destructors666.com

SCAMPKID- scampkidrecords.com

SECRET- secretrecordslimited.com

SKULLDUGGERY SERVICES- skullduggery@btinternet.com / Tel +44 (0)208 429 0853

SOUTHERN STUDIOS- southern.net

SPACE REBEL- space rebel.ru

SPITTING TEETH- myspace.com/spittingteethrecords

TOPPLERS- www.topplers.net

WINSTON- myspace.com/winstonrecordsltd

Has interviews with PJ and Animal, the latter being the most natural on camera - a good storyteller and very funny where he takes the piss out of his hometown Tunbridge Wells and all the straights with their wads of cash but boring lives, that fuelled many a League song's inspiration. He tells us that the band were originally intended only to be a one year project of hell raising, and he also talks about his biking, and while I knew DOA had a bit of intimidation from bikers when they played a gig with ANWL in the early 80's, I didn't realise how far Animal was in with that crowd, even riding with the Oakland Hells Angels at one point.

BADLANDS - When Angels Are Crucified CD

(*Rebellion*). Comeback album from Rebellion's best selling band. This has a much harder edge, with heavy guitars and the lion's share of rockin riffs. The vocals are still a one trick pony (ie Ian Stuart) although there's nowt dodgy about the lyrics which cover personal themes and (possibly?) anti war, sticking up for the underdog, lack of hope for mankind, an ode to **Discipline**, and even a bit of satanic stuff going on (esp the cover art), though I cannot be sure as they are written in such a vague poetic way. There's a couple of dreary ballads and the tunes are a bit on the dark side but on the whole a solid effort. I think the main criticism is Viktor's voice blends in with the music, and if he shouted a bit more it would add extra impact. (7/10)



BARSE - Singles &

Rarities CD (Punk Shit/Hell's Tone). Before Barse recorded their first CD (with an engineer who was lucky to escape with his life!) they recorded several tape albums. Luckily Vesku from Hells Tone was given some of these tapes by Gash on a tour of Finland in 2003, and I set about compiling the best from about 100

songs that varied from Swell Maps type lunacy, to covers (Beatles, Corner Shop and Discharge - ehhhh?!!) to demented thrashers, to classic mod/ power pop/ punk. The latter was when they really struck a chord so I picked 10 that bring to mind UK78 obscurities like **The Plague**, **Fast Cars**, and maybe even **The Circles** (the only big name comparison would probably be **The Buzzcocks**). From the classic mod of **Bag of Purple Hearts** and **New Direction** to the raw snot of **What I Wanna Do** to the obnoxious hellraiser **We Got No Values** every song is catchier than a charver lass's knickers. And as some people aren't sophisticated (ie no record players) the Hells Tone 7" **Better be Ready** and the split EP with **The Heartburns** are included too, which saw Gash take over on vocals and lead the band in a faster, heavier direction. (the Rapid Pulse 7" **Council Estate** is omitted as all tracks are available elsewhere though). I still can't get over the line in **Breaking Up Is Easy To Do** ("If I knew then what I know now, I'd have

CD / VINYL / DVD REVIEWS

ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE - Hell For Leather DVD

(*Dreamcatcher*) Filmed in 2005 in the rock n roll hotbed (snigger) of Milton Keynes it, like the other Dreamcatcher DVDs, boasts good sound, lighting and camerawork and Animal is one of the few frontmen who looks no different from 1981. He has the audience in the palm of his hands (well apart from the obligatory heckler) as he prowls the stage like an animal (oh dear) searching for it's quarry. He even manages a bit self depreciation, admitting the band looked 'faggy' in their *Perfect Crime* era (whilst introducing *Branded*) - the light hearted banter a total contrast to the vicious homophobia on *Day The World Turned Gay* whom most fans haven't heard as it was withdrawn from *Kings & Queens* and squirreled away onto the album version of *Pig Iron*). Cynics have already beaten him with the George Michael stick (oer!) so I won't add to that by debating past and present members' headwear! Anyway, back to the music, I always found it odd that just because the League came about at the same time as the 2nd wave of punk, they were dismissed by music press elitists, because they had several great tunes - *Snowman*, *We Will Not Remember You*, *Can't Stand Rock N Roll*, *Let's Break The Law* etc....and indeed the worst songs on here are the rock n roll covers.

THE CHORDS - The Mod Singles Collection (Captain Mod)

While their last couple of singles didn't exactly set the world on fire, I had forgotten how good these really were. *Something's Missing* and *Maybe Tomorrow* (a reaction against the rising tide of right wing extremism that sadly is far from sounding dated) were bona fide mod anthems, but *Now It's Gone*, *British Way of Life* and especially the superb *In My Street* were no slouches either. They never quite achieved the legendary status of **The Jam** (probably their closest comparison musically) but they had the suss, where the likes of **Secret Affair** only had arrogance. Some of the B sides were good too, and the sleeve notes are excellent. (7/10)

you bolted you fucking cow". And if that ain't enough value for money, it's a split CD with Brum band D'Corner Bois (see their review further down). Out soon for a bargain price, contact trevhagl@hotmail.com (9/10)

CERTIFIED - Piss In Your Face CD (www.certified-punks.co.uk). Charming title! No chance of winning the Nobel Peace Prize this lot! First time I ever saw Shaun he had our mate Nick Sims by the throat outside a gig in Walthamstow for dissing **The Varukers!** And if ya cross Rat and Co with **Chaos UK** and **The Exploited** we're starting to get close. The lyrics are absolute nuts. "*Bills can't pay, what a mess, getting myself deeper in debt, spending money on drugs and drink, no fucking problem, tough fucking shit...BOLLOX!*" and... "*feel the fist cos my hand is pissed, knuckles shine your boat, you'll feel bad, I'll feel glad as blood trickles down your throat*"...nice! This is as far from MTV as it gets. Heavy powerful punk...a bit repetitive at times but when they slow it down and chuck in a tune ("Assassination City") it's well impressive. Paul from **Riot Squad** is now drumming for these and that's another reference point as **Certified** do have some political songs too, like "*War Cunt*" which adorns their t-shirts with a picture of Hitler and Bush. (6/10)

COCK SPARRER-Did You Have a Nice Life Without Me? 7" (*Dirty Punk* - www.dirtypunk.fr). 2 songs from the all time classic "Here We Stand". The A side is an insanely catchy anthem about 2 very different young lovers who went their separate ways (the bird sounds very much like my ex's) - one of those songs that is implanted in your brain on first hearing. Simply streets ahead of 99% of releases these days. The B side ("So Many Things") was left off the vinyl version of the album - wrongly in my book. Another great song that manages to fit just about everything that's wrong with the world into 3 minutes. Collector scum will have already noted that this also came in a 200 only different sleeve (shown below) and if I had a fiver for every chancer who asked if the copy I was selling for £4 was the limited one I'd be a rich man! (9/10)



THE CORPS - Earlier Offences CD (*Scampkid*)
Kicks off in fine style; fast, raw, rocky Oi with good tunes/riffs, but from there on the gruff, heavy vocals make

every track sound the same, even when they cover artistes as diverse as **Johnny Cash** and **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**. These are also on Rebellion Recs which gives you a good idea of the sound. Comes in plush digi-pak with thick lyric booklet. (5/10)

D'CORNER BOIS - Everything's A Mess CD (*Punk Shit/Hell's Tone*). I first heard DCB on a Middleground comp CD and was well impressed. They reminded me of the best of 80's anarcho bands ie **Morbid Humour**. Then they sent me their full length CD which was hugely disappointing. They seemed to have gone backover, and were now playing predictable **Chaos UK** style punk. Rich later told me it was recorded for £80 which I guess explains it. Thankfully this new album is more like the comp tracks; great musicianship and production and songs we can relate to. Reminds me of the last (excellent) **Contempt** album but with flashy lead guitar added. There are 3 outright classics that would hold their own in any era - "*97 Betrayal*" (about my good friend Mr Blair), the title track, and the rabblousing anthem "*Throw Your Shit*", although there isn't a bad track on it and the lyrics all have meaning. "*Duped By Nazis*" is particularly relevant (protest vote? - or encouraging horrible, hateful arseholes). Out soon for a bargain price, contact trevhagl@hotmail.com (9/10)

DESTRUCTORS 666- Sachen Lassen Mit Fremden Machten CD (*Rowdy Farrago*)

One business that won't go out of business is the pressing plant where these get their CD's done. This 6 (or 7 if you include an "asylum remix") track MCD is business as usual, perhaps a bit rawer than previous works. Still ain't got a clue what the fuck they're on about lyrically but Allens gravel throated vocals supplement the dark tunes perfectly. "*Ray Gunns*" sounds almost cheerful, but no doubt he's a serial killer or something. (6/10)

DICKIES - Go Bananas CD (*Secret*)

Recorded in 2002 in Portsmouth, this was the tour when they were joined by Olga and we also get a version of "Nellie The Elephant" which compliments the cheesy cover nicely. Sound quality is excellent, driven by a powerful drum sound. The band kick off with **The Wierdos** "*Solitary Confinement*" and blast their way through most of "*Incredible Shrinking*" and throw in a few singles and late 90's tracks. Some good inbetween song banter, esp the intro to "Give It Back" ("*this song is so old Rancid were still going under the name The Clash*"). "*Banana Splits*" rounds off an above average live album. Despite the odd off key vocal **The Dickies** aren't one of those bands that soldier on like a wounded pensioner to cash in their chips. Comes in digi with booklet with band history. (7/10)

EVERYBODY OUT- S/T CD (www.taang.com)

On vocals we get TV celebrity and ex **Dead Pets** front man Chris Sweeney, with a band who sound uncannily like **Mighty Mighty Bosstones**, although Curtis assures me Dicky Barton (the other singer) is *not* Dicky Barrett. The tunes vary - some catchy/memorable, others not. Production is ok but it could do with a crisper snare and a bit crash

GUITAR GANGSTERS - Razor Cuts, The Best Of (*Captain Oi!*)

Always a band to write a few classic pop punk tunes then pad it out with fillers, a Best Of was long overdue. Gets off to a great start with 4 tracks from their debut album which still sound fresh and powerful today. "*Nothing To Shout About*" kicks things off ("*an attack on 'professional protesters'*" say the sleeve notes, so you gotta wonder about their politics as this was written when Thatcher was at war with the working class) and they continue in the same vein until 2nd album mainstay "Dream That Dream" a full sounding **Professionals** guitar led number (Marky from Vice recs, incidently, kicked the bucket a few years back after years of hell raising caught up with him). Their next few albums were a bit disappointing and there's a few inclusions here I woulda left out ("*Lord Of The Dance*" "*Safety Pin*" and the sleep inducing "*Skweeler*"), but you can't argue with "*Bye Bye Beach*" "*Going To London*" & "*She Gives Me Stereo*" and there's even a couple of unreleased leftovers from "*Road To Reality*" which ain't half bad. If **Ramones** with a touch of **Mad Parade** is your bag then get this. (7/10)

cymbal (technical huh?). Some well written songs about standing up for ourselves and dodgy geezers (and it's not even London!) etc. The vocals get a bit monotone after a while (and I still can't figure out which one is which!) but pretty good on the whole (7/10)

THE FIEND - Complete Recordings 83-87 CD

(www.farmhouserecords.com) . Similar to the retro LP that came out on Destroy Recs last year (good luck finding one - he doesn't deal with distros) but with more tracks - 24 in all, covering all the band's demos from the 80's - and better sound. As the band played (and still do) nothing but **Exploited Rival Leaders** era punk, 24 tracks is a bit much, but this label clearly don't do things by halves as you can tell by the chunky booklet that would even put Cap'n Oi to shame. Brilliantly laid out with quality pics of the old days, with comprehensive liner notes and as I barely understood a word Kev (or Brian now!) was singing about, it's good to finally have the lyrics, which show they had plenty to say (and I'm sure still do). (6/10)

FORMER CELL MATES- Who's Dead And What's To Pay? CD (Household Name)

Ex Leatherface/Mercury League/Coyote Men members playing a bizarre mixture of 70's rock, student punk and even middle of the road American tripe. If Led Zeppelin covered Blink 182 songs and threw in the odd latter day Replacements semi-ballad, this is what you'd get. The slower tracks were truly painful. (4/10)

4 FT FINGERS - New Beginnings Of Old Stories CD

(*Not On Your Radio*) . First song "Where did all the legends go?" pretty much sums up my feelings on the state of music today, as kids download everything in sight with no real passion for the music, whilst the media feed them the next big thing, paying more attention to who's buying the full page ads than looking for great bands. 4 Ft Fingers, however are typical of what's wrong with the music scene today. They sound like a thousand other bands, and while the singing has improved here, they lack the anger and OTT attitude that makes a band legendary. The tunes are good and recorded well, but it's only an inch away from radio friendly. (5/10)

GATANS LAG - Alla Hangda Rovares Sjalar CD (Kjell Hell)

I have no idea what the band name, album title or any of the songs are about, but musically this is cracking Swedish Oi / punk with great rockin R n B guitars, singalong choruses and gravel voiced vocals. The only complaint I have is they stretch it out to 18 songs and lose the momentum (there are a few average ones after halfway). Consett Dave sez they sound like PERKELE, and he ain't far wrong. (8/10)

GEOFFREY OI!COTT - The Good The Bad The Googly CD (Boss Tuneage via Division PR)

Simplistic hard edged Oi topped off with gruff **Condemned 84** type vocals (perhaps not the best comparison when Geoffrey Oi!cott do anti fascist benefits, but...). Insane lyrics that are never quite what they seem - "LBW" stands for "lager before women" and "Bouncers" is NOT about the gorillas that man the pubs. Or is it? Musically they could do with a few more anthems, the Test

Tubes type riff in "Scunnie Honey" (which Dawn incidentally found amusing!) being particularly welcome, but it is a good FUN album nonetheless. They also include covers of **Rejects** and **Wretched Ones** and musically they're probably halfway between those two. (7/10)

GOOD TIME CHARLIES - Pillars of The Community CD (Not On Your Radio)

GTC are a band between genres. They combine the college rock vocals of a 'Fracture band' with 60's glam guitars a la **Rolling Stones**. Plenty of good tunes here ...if only there was some ANGER in there, these could be a cracking band. (5/10)

HOWITZER - Turncoat 7"/ CDEP (Hazard Hill recs, contact jason@howitzer.us)

Hard edged US Oi here bringing to mind NJ bands like **Headwound**, **Wretched Ones** etc. Lyrically, as you'd expect, patriotic although there's some mixed messages in "Folded American Flag" where the songwriter slags the government for sending his brother to die in war, yet also slags peace protesters? Do they just want a little bit of war I wonder? Musically though it's good stuff especially the aforementioned track, and those plumping for the 7" get a nice black & red splatter vinyl (6/10)

LA GUNS- Hellraisers Ball-Caught In The Act CD

(*Dreamcatcher*) . Excellent quality recording of a 2003 gig in Bradford when the band toured without Tracii Guns. In case you think I'm a fan after telling you that, I better tell you I nicked the info from the sleeve notes. I liked glam when done well - **Hanoi Rocks** for example. But this is more like blues rock, fucking intolerable tuneless drivel with more guitar wankery than a prog rock band. Track 3 is called "Never Enough" - and that's as far as I got before I had to turn it off. (2/10)

THE LAST PRIORITY - Amerika's Hijacked CD

(www.burningtreerecords.com) . Not sure why bands get a good artist to draw their cover pics when they're gonna add to it a piss poor blackmail logo and put the CD title in the worst font imaginable. It made me fear another Punkcore clone band, when really the music is sharp and lively with a good ear for a tune. Really well played...then in comes the singer, screaming like a Jack Russell. Shame cos there are some really good songs against war, Nazis and lying politicians. (6/10)

LEE 'SCRATCH' PERRY- At The Jazz Café CD (Secret)

I am no reggae expert but **The Upsetters** rings a bell and here is Lee Perry with an excellent quality live set recorded at Camden's Jazz Café last year. The basslines and vocals are pretty much what I expected from such an artiste, but the keyboards sound more like the jazz pianist at the Burton House than they do a Hammond Organ. This spoils it for me, although I'm sure it endears him to the yuppies and luvvies that probably frequent such places as the Jazz Café. (4/10)

LEGION OF PARASITES- Another Disaster CD

(*Overground*) I had very close associations with this band back in the 1980s and early 90s, and it was my germ of an

THE LURKERS - Fried Brains CD (Captain Oi!)

Thankfully better packaged than the vinyl edition on North Recs, this boasts some nuts graphics and all the lyrics. Kicks off in fine form with "Come & Reminisce" and it's football hooligan chorus that you just know will have the saddoes that Arthur is attacking, singing along, oblivious. If I had a £1 for every old mate "Why You So Happy To Give Your Mind Away?" applies to, I'd be a rich man. An excellent pisstake of blokes too shallow to stand up to control freaks. "Time To Wake Up" is another fantastic song, despairing at the public's ignorance as New Labour and their Bilderberg masters walk all over us, and in contrast the ultra catchy "Punk Rock Brought Us Together" tells the story of love gone sour when the woman concerned couldn't stand Arthur's country records (understandable!!). Apart from a couple of songs near the end, an excellent album. (8/10)

idea that has seen the release of this CD. I could paint a rosey picture of love and harmony, but truth be told I'm pretty pissed off at the way Cain has gone about releasing this CD. For anyone who doesn't know, The Legion Of Parasites were a UK thrash band, who appeared on various punk compilation albums in and around 1988. They went on to release 'undesirable guests '12' on the Mortarhate label, followed by two albums *The Prison Of Life*, and *Dawn To Dusk*. They also released *Man Made Filth* on cd. Legion Of Parasites (or LOP for short) grew in popularity after the release of their second demo and went on to play gigs with the likes of Conflict,

ANOTHER DISASTER



THE
LEGION OF PARASITES

surprised that they demo, as it was recorded in a cheap studio using very cheap equipment and instruments. The lyrical content is naïve, and songs about fighting the system and nuclear war were very much influenced by bands from the Crass label. However, the music is raw, and the songs encapsulate the growing disillusionment living in Thatcher's Britain, with tracks such as 'Glue' and 'Boredom'. After the first demo, LOP matured as a band, bought better equipment, gigged more, wrote better songs and added a second guitarist in Gibbo (who sadly killed himself last year). The sound developed and the band were now one of the fastest, thrashish bands playing in the UK. The remaining tracks on this cd, show that the band had turned into a tight unit, and Sean's song writing abilities had taken on a more darker side in songs such as 'Death Watch' and 'Death in the City'. I suppose LOPs best known song is 'Sea of Desecration' which appeared on the 'we' don't want your fucking war' compilation. Towards the beginning of the '90s the punk scene was flagging in the UK, and the influence of crossover bands such as DRI, Metallica, Holy Terror, etc were taking hold. As such the scene changed, and LOP tried to change too by making a more 'metal thrash' approach to their songs. I think this was a major mistake, as their later recorded material wasn't of a good enough standard to make the grade. The band eventually fell apart. Wag the drummer joined Sick On The Bus for a while, Cian the singer played bass with goth rockers The Nephilm, and Sean played guitar in a ska band. Cain now has his own musical project The Saints Of Eden, which is an industrial, goth metal outfit. I approached Cian a while back and mentioned the possibility of LOP reforming for a gig and he wasn't sure if there would be enough interest to make it worthwhile. I also asked for the original demo tapes, and some of the live recordings that I

Subhumans, Mau Maus, and Anti sect, Broken Bones etc.

Although, part of the active punk thrash scene, they were never major players, and mainly acted as support acts for the aforementioned bands. So it is mixed feelings that I come across this cd. It really is a compilation of 26 tracks that features the first part of the bands existence. I am mildly

decided to include the first

had made of the band so that I could transfer them to disc. At first, he agreed, but when I chased him up about the tapes he became cagey, and talked about copyright and distribution, and royalties. A short while after that I saw him in Bedford town centre, and as I approached him he tried to pretend he hadn't seen me and ran off. The next thing I know, he has set up a page on MYSpace and has just set up a LOP webpage, which is where I hear about this CD release. However, putting personal differences aside, this CD is a raw, thrash masterpiece of timeless UK punk. So much of the US Epitaph puke that is served up to us today as 'punk' is nothing but bubblewrapped crud composed by fat rich Americans with nothing to say. They should all sit down and listen to this, it may be decidedly dodgy in places but for me, UK bands like LOP, Six Minute War, Mau Maus, Subhumans, Flux Of Pink Indians, Crass, and all the fanzines, squats, demos, bootlegging live gigs kept the DIY ethos of the punk spirit alive. (By Justin Openshaw)

MILLENCOLIN - Machine 15 CD (*Burning Heart via Division Pr*) I read somewhere that someone out of an old UK glam band makes his living writing songs for today's pop acts. Now imagine if the same geezer was employed to write songs for Fat Wreck bands ... for this is what it would sound like. You can't dismiss it as utter tripe because the tunes are really really good, but neither is it any more 'punk' than any of the other student bands doing the rounds. With an angry singer and vicious guitars this could be a near classic, but left as it is, it's merely a better version of **Blink 182** - and what's with the 70's prog rock style cover? (6/10)

999 - Nasty Tales DVD (*Dreamcatcher*)

Behind the very cheap looking cover lurks a brilliantly filmed set in Darlington from a couple of years ago. Sound and lighting is spot on and while Nick Cash looks a bit funny when he's jiving about, looking like Bob Hoskins on wizz (not helped by his cheesy between-song patter!), you can't fault the track selection with songs like "Titanic Reaction", "Biggest Prize in Sport", "Nasty Nasty", "Lie Lie Lie" and "Let's Face It", most of the singles and even a new (to my ears) song sung by Guy Days "Really Like You" which is really good and very catchy. There's interviews with all members, Arthur and Pablo coming out tops in terms of personality, but it was funny to see the shock on Nick's face when Guy slags off "13th Floor Madness" LP before admitting it wasn't very good (you may remember the interview in the last issue of NR when he wasn't best pleased when I took the piss out of "Face To Face" LP). (7/10)

PENNYWISE- Reason To Believe CD (*Epitaph via Division PR*). Maybe a better title would've been "No One Likes Us, We Don't Care" but I guess Condemned 84 beat em to it. Let me enlighten you. Rumours started a couple of years ago that the band were pro war and I think they even went to Iraq and played at a troops concert. Vera Lynn or wot! I sympathise with working class kids who's only chance of a living wage is to risk life and limb and the wrath of some sadistic toff, barking orders like a playground bully. But why a punk band would want to put themselves in an atmosphere

ARGY BARGY - The Likes Of Us CD (*Captain Oi!*)

Don't be fooled by the NYHC/metal-ish first 'song' (all 30 seconds of it), cos from track 2 onwards it's pure rabblerrousing Oi with singalong choruses. "Lights Over London" is their best work to date (an anthem!). "There's Gonna Be a Riot" impressed me when I saw em at Durham last year, a menacing attack on New Labour's police state (and that's before they introduce their database state). There's the ultra catchy mid paced singalong "No Regrets" and "No News Is Good News", a reworking of the hard edged "My Life", several more numbers with infectious choruses, and the glam riffs of the title track which rounds off an album that's a far cry from the bad metal of "Drink Drugs...". They just get better. (8/10)

which I imagine is akin to the worst radgie bar in the Bigg market on a Sunday neet (*er..bad comparison, I put myself there regularly*), who knows. This CD doesn't really give us any clues, as it spends more time lashing out at their critics than it does actually saying where they stand. They even release it in America on "My Space" recs, so it seems to me they're starting to spend so much time pissing off their original fans they're in danger of becoming punks answer to Jim Davidson - ie Controversial? Or just plain SAD?) Musically, well, like most Epitaph (and Fat Wreck) acts, they haven't changed since their first LP - maybe a bit heavier in places. If this was the only album of it's type it would be fine but there are thousands like it these days. (6/10)

THE PRESS- The Complete Press 1984-1994 CD

(*Insurgence*) I'm not sure whether these really were the very first US Oi! band but thankfully they were more in tune with UK77-79 punk than the badly played HC that was later passed off as US Oi!. Vol 5 of *Skins & Punks* (shared with the equally impressive *Radiets*) on Roddy's Oi Recs was as good a volume as any yet oddly was missing from Step 1's CD reissues of the series. The band specialised in basic Oi meets 77 punk with big singalong choruses - all the better when the chorus goes "*Shut Your Fucking Mouth*"! Some songs like "*ASAP*" even had a 60's mod influence, and "*21 Guitar Salute*" was covered by **Dropkick Murphys**. One of those CD's that proves that in contrast to many of today's big budget sterile bands, relies on charisma and good tunes to get by. Good stuff, and like I say, ten times better than the shite that followed like Agnostic Front, Warzone etc. The label also have a new (well new to me) *Oppressed 7"* out, and you can get em (and the impressive latest *Fallout* CD - good tuneful political street punk band who featured in back issue of NR) in this country from me at round about cost price. I'd also like to apologise to Phil from the label after causing him grief cos of the utter utter incompetence of Canada Post who make even Royal Mail look like masters of proficiency - over 9 weeks for delivery!! (I think he's since found a different postal service) (7/10)

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS - Manchester 101 DVD

(*Dreamcatcher*) Tight and powerful performance, complete with good sound/lighting and with no expense spared on the editing, which rarely focuses on one member for more than a few seconds, so it takes you a while to get yer head round Wayne Barrett's haircut (if you saw Essex Boys, think Tony Tucker!). This captures the excitement of the gig well although Wayne is quite restrained compared to days of old. The set list is fairly predictable apart from a couple of newies "*Welcome to Our Town*" being really impressive, whilst "*Blow*" marks the set's low point. Not much in the way of crowd footage until the obligatory set-enders "*Where Have All The Bootboys Gone*" and "*Cranked Up really High*" where we see Deigo has blagged his way into yet another gig! There's interviews with Wayne Barrett and Mike Rossi (who sounds like an American actor!) telling of their love for Bowie/Ronson, their upbringing on the radgie streets of Manchester, and how The Buzzcocks weren't of their world

(apparently most of em were university students). (7/10)

THE STUDIOZ- Time For The Beat CD

(www.myspace.com/maydayrecs). In the 90's I bought a load of obscure 80's 7"s cheap. I found an ultra rare mod 7" in amongst em, but I paid for it, having to listen to 40 or 50 records only to find nearly all were godawful attempts at being new romantic, and worth sweet FA. Mind you, if only I'd kept em, I coulda made a fortune flogging them to this Portuguese label. For some bizarre reason they find this obscure Scottish band from 81-85 worthy of exposure to the punk scene. The first song (a cover of the Beatles which sounds like it was done by Gary Numan) had me cringing as if watching *My Family*, and it doesn't improve much with their own songs. Be warned; this band sound like **Kajagoogoo** crossed with **White Heat** at their most wimpy. If this band came to fruition in the original punk era before some knobber thought of using slap-basses (and it has keyboards too!) they might've been good. But as it is, it sounds like some working class kids trying to sell their souls, aiming at stardom at any cost. Cheers to Peter from Moloko Plus for forwarding this on, just hope they don't ask for a copy of the review! (2/10)

SUPERYOB - Quality Street CD (*Randale recs*)

Crime. Pride. Looking after yer own. Good propaganda subjects for yer local fash candidate as he slithers out of the gutter once a year for the local elections (conveniently forgetting to brief you on their ultra Tory policies on the unions, the welfare state and NHS). Thankfully there's no hidden agenda when these topics are dealt with by Frankie Flame (though you can never be sure these days!). Indeed you cannot help but share his outrage at the state of the country, where charvers rob their own, kids are denied operations, the old can't afford to eat or heat, and one-time socialists now bend over for big business cock and line their pockets like a New Deal scheme charver in a jewellers. "*Everybody's equal...except for you son*". Couldn't have put it better. The man has a way with words, and an ear for a tune to match, rooted firmly in the glory days of glam & Oi. Anthems like "*Charity Begins at Home*", "*Champagne Socialist*" and "*London Pride*" stick in yer head like an ICF boot and he also dredges up an obscure **Sweet** classic "*Live For Today*" which is paid tribute to brilliantly. (9/10)

TRASHCAT- Too Much Ain't Enough CD

(www.myspace.com/dirtbirdrecords). Punk rock n roll from the unlikely source of Darragh from **The Restarts** - the driving force behind this band who I imagine will be, sooner or later, sharing a stage with locals **Dirty Love**. It's that sorta thing going on here, but with a bloke (Darragh) singing. Lyrically it's all about rock n roll excess, and if that doesn't piss off the crusty brethren then I guess the fold out poster of 2 lesbos will. The graphics bring to mind 80's glam bands, but thankfully these have a bit more of a raw edge, although the choruses are a tad repetitive. Housed in a nice digi-pak with all the lyrics in eye catching Motorhead-England font and that poster. (6/10)

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TV SMITH- In The Arms Of My Enemy CD (Boss Tuneage). It gives me no pleasure to criticise one of the age's best songwriters, but why have a backing band if yer gonna knock out bland, middle of the road music? These songs would be just as powerful if done acoustically. The title track is yet another fine attack on the low wage, surveillance society of New Labour, but ironically enough government ministers would be just the type to dig this music. A huge production job that would do U2 proud, this sounds like TV has just gone into a studio that's never recorded a punk band before, and borrowed their session musicians. A world away from the greatness of "Good Times Are Back". (3/10)

ULTIMO ASALTO- Mi Camino CD (Rebellion)
This Spanish band have gigged with **Cockney Rejects** and **Templars** which goes against the rumours that they're part of 'the dark side' (although the dark, Nordic imagery suggests they don't exactly run salvation army coffee mornings). Wouter has taken the trouble to put together a thick booklet with translations (all but one of the songs are in Spanish) revealing songs about brotherhood, political preachers and rumour mongers (in a very vague style, so who exactly they're getting at there only their true fans will know). Musically they mix street rock, Viking rock and the odd **Iron Maiden** riff. These kind of bands can be morbid and fucking hard work, but Ultimo Asalto keep it upbeat and tuneful, though like all street rock bands, get predictable by song 6 or 7. (6/10)

UNSEEN FORCE - In Search Of The Truth CD (Grave Mistake) The mid 80's was a bleak time for music. The Dead Kennedys were by then playing nothing but tuneless thrash and thousands of bands appeared with sound sentiments but complete musical ineptitude. US band **Unseen Force** from Richmond, Virginia, are typical of the times. If you liked bands like **The Accused**, **Cryptic Slaughter** then fuck help you, I mean er you'll like this. Raw, fast, almost out of tune heavy HC that has good political lyrics but absolutely nothing else going for it. Also contains a 12 song live set and 12 demos tracks by the band that preceded them, **2000 Maniacs**. I'd given up long before those tracks though. (3/10)

YOUNG HEART ATTACK - Rock & Awe CD (Not On Your Radio). Didn't have a clue what to expect here - the cover is very 60's in a Stones style and they have supported various big name rock acts including **Motorhead**. Knowing how big names like shit bands on the bill to make themselves sound good, I feared the worst, but in all truth it's not bad. Take a female fronted rock and roll punk band like **Midnight Creeps** and give em a big indie rock production, and you're getting there. Not something I'd listen to again, but powerful stuff. (5/10)

ZEEB- Gargantuan Rock Monster (corndog records.com). Another Corndog release where the band seem to have no idea where they're heading - one minute it's like a grunge band doing **Motorhead** with student vocals; the next it's like **Muse**. The production is top notch with huge drums and guitars, and credit for rhyming "hairy gash" with "Johnny Cash" (that'll go down well in *Barbies Dead* and

Bald Cactus!) but it ain't gonna set me world on fire. (4/10)

***** PROMOS / CDRs *****

Welcome to a tightarse parade of cheapo CDR's, bad indie music, and big labels that can't be bothered to send the full package. And no you can't have a free copy of the fanzine!!

CITIZEN KEYNE Ungreat Britain CDR (www.citizenkeyne.net)
Fuck knows who Keyne is but these are pretty good if typical UK melodic punk with a lot of contacts if the list of bands they've played with is owt to go by. Sorta like **The Stains**, **Spitting Vicars**. (6/10)

CUTE LEPERS- Can't Stand Modern Music CD (Damaged Goods) Here's Steve E Nix from **The Briefs** with a band who sound just like er...**The Briefs**. The same crisp guitar and excellent bass sound, glammy vocals and tunes that grow on yer, esp the brilliant "(I'm) Out Of Order" and the country-esque intro'd "It's No Use". The CD finishes with a cover of the **Circles** "Opening Up" and despite being known as a mod band, it fits very neatly in with their own tracks. One of the few US bands who can 'do' UK 78/79 properly (ironically the Briefs already have legions of copyists, and all poor imitations) (8/10)

GALLOWES - Just Because You Sleep Next To Me... CDS (WB via Division) Arty hardcore like all those **Dischord** bands from mid 90's topped off with screaming and shouting. I have a bit respect for the singer cos he sounds ok in interviews and doesn't shy from biting the hand that feeds (Kerrang, NME etc) but there's no getting away from the fact that this is fucking dreadful. (2/10)

GHUNDI- 3196 CDEP (£3 from Kollin Finnerty, Liam Meadows Rd, Loughrea, Co Galway, Ireland)
US 80's style HC with a modern touch in places. Reminds me of **Shitty Limits**, the English band who toured with the Tranzmitters. Not really my thing but some great, witty, cynical lyrics. (5/10)

GOOD RIDDANCE- Remain In Memory CD (Fat Wreck). Final show recorded in Santa Cruz, California, and mastered in the studio, giving it a good, thick, in yer face sound, and the added bonus of (almost unknown in these circles) a singer who can sing. Then they send it out on a crappy little promo. Ah well...this is a lot better than I thought...all the best songs and it sounds like quite an atmosphere. (7/10)

LEVELLERS - Letters From the Underground CD (info@onthefiddlerecordings.com). Recorded in their own studio, this comeback album sounds pretty much as I remember them. Songs with plenty of potential spoilt by too much fiddly diddly shenanigans when a powerful guitar would've had far more impact (see "15 Years", their best song). This is not without it's good tunes though - "Eyes Wide", "A Life Less Ordinary" and "Duty" being the pick of the bunch here. The lyrics attack apathy, the media, the government (and it's betrayal) but I only know that cos the press sheet tells me - whoever writes the songs is no TV Smith, preferring to be as vague as possible, maybe with one eye on radio play (the producer obviously has). (6/10)

THE LOVED ONES-Build & Burn CD (Fat Wreck) Loved by WHO exactly? Fracture? Suspect Device? The Head Of Steam? Proficient yet utterly soulless trend-abiding student-punk that follows in the footsteps of a million **Strike Anywhere** copies, with lyrics that are about as pointless as Michael Winner. (3/10)

REEMER - Maniac CDS (myspace.com/reemerband)

Sickly sweet radio friendly Warped Tour punk. I suppose at least the singing sounds a little bit different and the tune ain't bad, but these could've easily been put together by Simon Cowell. Nice boys don't play rock n roll indeed. I think the worrying thing is that I sent the promotional company a copy of this review and said if they have any proper punk I would like to hear it, they replied and seemed in all honesty to think that this WAS proper punk, and then sent me to 2 My Space links of other bands who were just as bad!!! (4/10)

LOYALTIES/ RADIO DEAD ONES -split CDREP

(*Notonyourradio*) Two bands that play well recorded melodic punk that fans of **Social Distortion** or **Bombshell Rocks** would dig. **Loyalties** feature an ex **Deadline** member and Tom has played with everyone from **Lurkers** to **Dogs D'Amour**! Berlin's **Radio Dead Ones** have been going since 2003 but up till now remain unknown outside Germany. These sort of bands can get a bit predictable on full lengths but these 4 songs work very well as a split EP (6/10)

MAD SIN- 20 Years in Sin Sin DCD (People Like You via Colossus Press)

Like our local psycho-punk band **The Grit** these are supposedly a great live act, but on CD they don't do much for me. There's a lot of good ideas but no sooner have they found one than they change it. They make going off on a tangent an art form, and it ends up like later **Misfits** meets **Stray Cats**. Disc 1 is old faves and rare B sides while disc 2 is a good quality recording of em live in Hollywood. (5/10)

THE PEACOCKS- Gimme More MCD (People Like You via Colossus Press) Leftovers from "Touch & Go" album sessions and new recordings. This Swiss band are probably the hardest touring band around, and they don't look like burning out yet. True, half the songs on here suffer from a laid back presentation (although the tunes are good throughout) but when they rock out on songs like "Half Mast Flags" and "Drink Alone" they're great. (6/10)

PP FENECH- Skitzofenech CD (People Like You) Surprised he hasn't thought of the title before! I'm not really a sucker for the **Shadows** guitar - I reckon if there were some vicious bar chords instead some of these songs could be classics. He has a way with words and an ear for a tune, most noticeable on the ultra catchy "A Bastards Advice" and one of his finest ever moments "This Fuckin World (ain't big enuff)" - a scornful attack on his critics. Made a nice change to my usual fare. (6/10)

RUDIMENTARY PENI- No More Pain CD (Southern Studios). Lovely. White card with sticker on and white label CDR. How is that meant to court the sympathies of a reviewer? Anyway they haven't changed a bit since "Death Church" - the same unique crisp guitar sound and bubbling bass. Trouble is, ideas are running low these days; 10 songs with little more than 2 chords, and this is made even worse by the fact that at least a third crawl by at a snail's pace. (4/10)

SCOTT REYNOLDS & THE STEAMING BEAST- Adventure Boy CD (Boss Tuneage via Division PR). Whatever happened to legendary (it says here anyway) pop punk band **All?** Well Dave Smalley got himself laughed out of the scene by proclaiming himself 'a Conservative Punk' and here is Scott doing his best to equal that by playing the kind of music you'd get in wine bars; "Ya Ya Tarquin check out this like amaaayyyzing arteest - doesn't he sound awwwwfully like **Jamiraquai**". Truly abysmal. (1/10)

THE TOWELS CDR EP (www.myspace.com/wearethetowels)

Young local punk band, which often worries me that I'm gonna waste 10 minutes of my life listening to bland Americanised crap with puerile lyrics. NOT IN THIS CASE!! The production is dog rough with the vocals WAY up front, and sounding a bit out of tune in places because of it, BUT the attitude and humour is spot on, and more in tune with late 70's punk. Very original, and funny! Songs like "Halls of Residence" and "Buskers Corner" ooze attitude and theres some great guitar bits in the ska number.. (6/10)

TOXIC WASTE-Now More Than Never CDR

(*toxicwastebelfast.co.uk*) . Roy Wallace from what I have heard is a top man, and full marks for this being a benefit for Chernobyl Children. However the band themselves consisted of a bloke shouting and a woman shouting over not very good music. Cheers to Will anyway for the CD. (3/10)

FANZINES

ANARCHOI no.23 £1.70ppd- Jamesy, 3 Hazel Grove, Killwinning, Ayrshire KA13 7JH, Scotland.

By far the best issue ever, centre stage is a huge **Toxic Ephex** interview. Inspector Blake could talk the hind legs off a donkey and he has some mad tales to report here like the theft of half a cricket pavillion and being questioned by the old bill for terrorism! Also features **Yat recs**, **Constant Fear**, **Effigies** and the first interview I've ever seen with old Scots band **Defiant Pose**.

BARBIES DEAD no.24 - 50p & 42p SAE - Alex, Woodhouse, The Square, Gunnislake, Cornwall, PL18 9BW. Not a great deal to read this time. He does really good to-the-point political articles but this time he talks about football (Truro & Darlo!??), chewing gum and dogs that attack posties (they don't do that up here incase they get alcohol poisoning eh Hebby!), and a lot of it is taken up by an interview with **Steve/BBP Tapes** and the questions/answers I've mostly read before in another zine.

BURNOUT no.28 - 60p & 42p SAE - Kerry McGregor, 37 Kirby Rd, Blackburn, BB2 4HW. The small feint type is a blind old fucker's nightmare but this is very well written with **HONEST** and very informative reviews plus interviews with **Goldblade**, **UK Subs**, **Dragster**, **Lord Bishop Rocks**. Good stuff.

EVERLONG no.10 - £1 & 66p SAE - Shane Baldwin, 1 Shilton Close, Kingswood, Bristol, BS15 9UZ. Ex Vice Squader and Record Collector scribe Shane and his mate Dave Lown give us another good issue of this varied zine. This one features **Kensia**, **Welt**, **The Dues**, **Pete (Zatopeks)**, **Geoffrey Oicott** and **Lurkers**. Interviews vary between great and irreverent - probably cos there are some bands that dumb it's pointless asking them anything of note ie Welt are asked if they think George Bush is good or bad and they answer "don't give a fuck either way". How can you be indifferent to a mad dictator? Thankfully Geoffrey Oicott give us a good laugh and The Lurkers is a bit of a scoop as Shane has tracked down Esso and Pete Stride - always interesting to get another angle although I don't know how anyone can be bitchy to a top geezer like Arthur (Pete didn't wanna carry on the band and because Arthur has, it's handbags at dawn). There's a shitload of gig reviews and the record/CD reviews are straight to the point and brutally honest, if a bit biased to mediocre Americanised bands. Good stuff on the whole.

FAILSAFE March 08 - £2 & 40p SAE - Dave, 63 Milton St, Derby, DE22 3PA. Another easy to read, well researched zine with excellent interviews with **Mekons**, **TV Smith**, **Blitzkrieg** and **Jack Rabid** (the Big Takeover zine). There's no time for daft questions, Dave just gets down to the nitty gritty and what we really wanna know about the bands. **The Mekons** say (about Oi!) "by the time it got to the Cockney Rejects it got to pretending you were more stupid than you really were" and **TV Smith** similarly bemoans the lack of individuality and dumb aggression of the movement. I would

RIOT ON YER OWN 30 - 40p SAE from Bill, 5 Glen Rd, Belfast, N.Ireland, BT5 7JH

Bigger and better issue of long running freebie with tope notch observations ie on Big Cheese- "sycophantic bullshit eulogising as to the merits of lame emo piffle whose record companies coincidentally take out fucking giant big adverts in same magazine" (they denied receiving the last Barse CD never mind review it!). Great Lurkers interview, lots of witty and detailed reviews with no sense of shame (Joy Division "Closer" - 9/10, and even lukewarm praise for goth bands) and a nuts piece on charver vs. punk violence - just like the old days!! Let's hope Bill's enthusiasm for Runnin Riot rubs off on Colin cos I hear the new album is a classic, it's just getting him to do anything about it..

disagree with that in as far as we had bands on the fringes like **Blitz, Violators, Samples** who were well sussed, but when you see some of the newer bands with their badly played mid period Condemned 84 music and Sun reader lyrics, I guess they have a point. I was surprised to learn that the new line up of **Blitzkrieg** have someone from **Girlschool** from their ranks although some of the answers are a bit dumb, disowning politics to the extent of being neither Nazi nor anti Nazi, since the departure of original singer who wrote "*Lest we Forget*". Jack Rabid is an interesting character and has lived with or associated with Steve Jones, The Nuns, Bad Brains (HR has lost the plot apparently, and I don't just mean religion).

FAST N LOUD - £2ppd from John, 88 Overbrook Rd, Hardwicke, Glos. Nice eye catching 77 style colour cover plus interviews with **Hotwired, MDM** (good), **999** (must be a right pisser putting so much effort into the questions only to find Pablo's answers are even worse than Nick Cash's!) and **Lurkers** (brilliantly researched and great to see one of the original punks is so clued up). Reviews are very detailed and go a LOT further than merely recycling the info sheet. Good punk as fuck layout too.

MOST PUNKS ARE TOTAL ARSEHOLES no.3 - As the name suggests, confrontation is never far away. This takes the class war to extremes, there's even a top 10 of people who made their careers by faking being working class! If your great great grandad's cousin was a toff, you're a CUNT! There's all kinds of stuff in here from interviews with **Left For Dead & Damien Dempsey** and pieces on **Sin Dios, Joe Strummer, Dee Dee Ramone** & writer **Jack Trevor Story**. Also a piece suggesting giving free drugs to people which is actually a lot more sensible than it sounds, and a very controversial (but well written) **Clash** DVD review. Layout is really good cut n paste that must've taken ages.

NCP CAR PARK NIGHTMARE - 80p ppd - Andrew, PO Box 773 Ipswich, IP1 9FT. Andrew from Beat Motel with a small A6 booklet telling the tale of a night trapped in an NCP car park, told with a sense of humour but a Ronnie Corbett gift for padding the tale out.

NO BOLLOX JUST OI! - contact cezar@oioioi.ro for price etc Chunky glossy zine from Romania, but nearly all in English. Full of bands you WANT to read about, and although it's non political it manages to drag out of the bands roughly where they stand. **Volxsturm, Evil Conduct, Guvnors, Deadline, and The Blood** (despite the foreign language he talks) all come out of it pretty well, **Scum & Kalevalan Viikingt** are pretty much on the fence (since then of course there's been the internet pic of Ross at a B&H gig and I think they reformed with a new singer), **Battle Scarred** sound a bit iffy, and **Beerzone**, well Iain's always struck me as a decent bloke who had no time for the knackers - but his comments here will only attract that crowd). Some good articles on football and the draconian laws Romanian politicians have forced through, and a good bit on keeping staffies, showing disgust at dog fighting vermin. This also has a CD of all the bands featured including some unreleased tracks. A fine package.

OI WARNING! No.6 - £3ppd from Sean, PO Box 333, Clenchwarton, Kings Lynn, Norfolk, PE34 4WU. Absolutely HUGE Oi zine feat Traditionals, SSSP, Zero Point, Suzuki Smith, Outlaw, Disdainful, Quarter Libre, Keyside Strike, Street Dogs, Foreign Legion, The Fallout and plenty more. Some of the questions are a bit bland (I don't really need to know about an obscure Italian band's line up changes) and the reviews are a touch on the generous side,

but they are minor criticisms in a zine brimming with enthusiasm, with a healthy contempt for emo and fake (student) punk running through most of the interviews. It's great to see bands like Suzuki Smith still being so dedicated to the DIY scene in the face of such apathy, and many of the bands - like the editor - having no time for the divide and rule politics of the far right. There's also a shitload of reviews. This one will keep you reading all week.

PUNKER PAGES - contact RecordRebellion@hotmail.co.uk. Small DIY version of *Book Your Own Fucking Life* ie basically a guide to punk labels, distros and zines. You can buy ads too.

RIOT ON YER OWN 29 - free with 42p SAE- Bill, 5 Glen Rd, Belfast, BT5, N Ireland. The usual funny as fuck reviews and well worded articles, incl a retro piece on Rock Against Racism. Features interviews with **Los Salvadores** and rockabilly label **Western Star**, a real treat for all the fans (Brian from Rudi) Seriously though the geezer is good crack and gives good answers. He calls Negative Reaction the best zine around. A man of taste, well at least till you find he gives Red Lorry Yellow lorry 7/10.

RIOT 77 no.12 - contact riot77magazine@hotmail.com for postpaid price. Criminally small type is the only minus point as Cian strengthens his position as worlds best zine. Huge glossy mag full of great indepth reviews and interviews. Gerry Hannah from **Subhumans** bitches about bootleggers, record labels and the writer of *Fury's Hour*, a book on punk written by someone who went on to become the Canadian PM's scriptwriter (!!!). He also talks about the bombings and repercussions including a biased film that recently came out. Joey Shithead from **DOA** gives a similarly interesting interview and even a band like **Legendary Shack Shakers** that I have zero interest in, give some interesting if strange answers - are evangelist Christians the new rock n roll? Snigger.

SUSPECT DEVICE no.49 £2ppd - PO Box 295, Southampton, S017 1LW. This has the worst taste obituary I've ever seen as Sean aka Fat Bob from **Hard Skin** pays tribute to Lance from **J Church**. Fucking hilarious stuff! Just a shame they don't give him a column - imagine the havoc he could cause when commenting on all the shit bands they fawn over! Some ok columns on religion and life in foreign lands (NZ, Canada) but the only consistency being the desire to hype the editor's new band (cue scene in Alan Partridge where he has lunch with the BBC controller .. "*shall I dance for you?*"). Bands featured are **Deny Everything, Small Arms Dealer, Whole In The Head, Social Parasites** and a band I am not even going to acknowledge their name, it's so fucking unfunny. The photos are top quality but when you see what twats most of em look like, you long for the days of Gestetner duplicators. They have beards for fucks sake! Clippers. Stanley market. Only five pounds. The reviews are pretty descriptive though and they do a good job of taking knob heads to task.

ZONKED no.10 - £2? - Pete Craven, 46 Ashford Rd, Brighton, BN1 6LJ. Very similar to **Suspect Device** but with more personality, this is a big A4 read, spoilt only by the typing being dot screened (like the early issues of **Riot On Your Own**) which makes it grey and hard on the eyes. Really good interview with **Ian Glasper** and **Steak Knife** (who are every bit as arrogant as **The Spermbirds**, but enjoyable nethertheless). There's also some horrible shout shout bands and a big retro piece on avant garders **Destroy All Monsters**. Good reviews that show Pete has a way with words and good to see he's not up the arse of certain labels or bands.

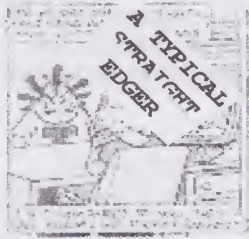
ANARCHOI no.24 - £1.50 ppd - Jamesy, 3 Hazel Grove, Kilwinning, Ayrshire, Scotland, KA13 7JH. Good Oi Oi cover for starters feat Mr Turgoose! A bizarre mix of bands. Good un's with Social Parasites & Active Slaughter (sez a lot about democracy in this country when JJ is forbidden from writing in zines & internet discussion boards!) to Condemned 84 (Jamesy keeping in with the bad lads! Dunno who done that one but it was like Trevor McDonald interviewing the Queen!) to the chaos punkers Prairie Dugs, and the usual chaotic smattering of reviews

*****E - BAY TALES*****

By ARTHUR-ANORAK DALEY

Fraudsters, halfwits and the eBay police! Here's my journey through the punk trainspotters favourite website...Thanks to all those that contributed their tales....

I have met all kinds of wierdos on my eBay travels, the most common being the ones who, like a demented fishwife at *Dorothy Perkins* returns desk, want to buy everything in sight then decide they don't want it. My first non paying

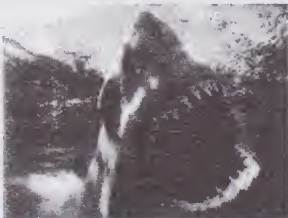


bidder was 'xeavesx' or something. Yes, a straight edger. I would like to see how these people get on life if they were shitfaced! John from Overground advised me to forget about it.. "I have never in all these years, gotten a selling fee back". He was right. In the end the bastards

just ignored me (and as if to prove a point about straight edgers someone called David Logan ripped me off for £24 worth of LP's a couple of years later)

I met a bloke who paid £200 for electrical equipment by bankers draft. The seller didn't send it and stopped answering emails. After 3 months of complaining to eBay through standard messages all he got was yet another one saying something like "it's now been 90 days. We assume the dispute has now been closed". The seller's bank wouldn't give out details for confidentiality reasons, the coppers wouldn't help until eBay gave em the nod (and you can't get the nod from a standard message!), trading standards didn't even have contact details for eBay. Only his MP volunteered to do anything about it. Customer service indeed!

Someone I know was threatened for selling an illegal item that was actually legit! A mate put the first Skrewdriver LP on. Now there are very good bootlegs of this doing the



rounds, but he never advertised it as such (it was the original after all). The irony is, while that listing was withdrawn and the seller warned, the band's Nazi records went advertised no questions asked!!

Most amusing of all however, was a halfwit from New Jersey who bought a rare 7" off me for £30 and claimed the parcel had arrived sealed and I had forgotten to put the record in. When I told him the proof of posting has the weight on, that was the last I heard of him!!

Jarra Mick bought some bleached jeans from a bloke in the Isle of Wight. When they turned up they had an elasticated waist (!!??). Angie, his missus, solved the problem. When she stopped laughing she revealed "they're women's maternity pants!". Mind you he got a refund!

I had a little fiddle of my own actually. I used to wait till 5p listing days and put on a shitload of stuff. As is usually the case I sold only about a fifth of it, but I wasn't bothered cos in the "description" I sneaked a mention of

my record list. Cheap advertising or wot?. Mind you when you see some of the oddballs I picked up, maybe it wasn't a master stroke after all. (they now have the eBay police on the case and listings are withdrawn for "circumvention of eBay fees" which, in English, means trying to contact people outside of eBay)

The following is a genuine email from someone in America I sent my list to. He wanted to buy some recs but insisted on paying in \$\$\$ cash. I told him I already had dollars from the 90's I wanted to cash in, and joked that I was just waiting till they got someone other than a Nazi in charge of the country so the exchange rate would start to be more favourable. His reply (and this is the edited version!)

Oi Boi

Well, your whole currency rate thing makes absolutely NO SENSE (load of old bollocks mate). You seem to be inexperienced with it or either stupid or crazy, possibly one of the later with your use of the Nazi terminology. I would look in the mirror before you start throwing the word NAZI around. You appear to be the one discriminating against a whole continent of people that you have some kind of pre-conceived idea about

America has problems ! ! "yeah, doesn't everybody ?", be careful throwing the Nazi word around until you actually know what it means. I would pick up a book and read our own UK history through out the world (it might humble you) before you have the balls to sit and judge an entire continent of people on the actions of an odd few of them.

Out of all the people I get trying to push their products upon me everyday I have never had one turn around and give me a list of reasons why I could not buy the product they were trying to get me to buy before so this is a new one on me. But please delete my email address from any lists you have to prevent me from getting any new lists of stuff you are selling that I can't buy so that I don't make the mistake of wasting my time looking through to find anything. All sounds a bit silly but I wouldn't want to go through this again. I will in turn not forward you lists to the many millions of US punks we have over here (including most of the 1977 UK punk bands still in existence) thereby deleting you of many sales you didn't want to make.

NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS, MATE !

John

And just to prove the above isn't a one off in wierdness, here's a tale from Gill from Manchester..

My other half collects and sells doll's house furniture on ebay. A few years ago, she was selling a 1/12th scale 3 piece suite. She listed it in the doll's house/miniatures section, starting the bidding at about £5.

A couple from hemel hempstead were very keen on it, they put the bidding up to about £20 and bought it. After the sale, despite our lass' offer to post it to them for about £3 or so, they insisted on picking it up themselves as they were visiting friends up north - fair enough, suit yourselves, we thought.

When they arrived to pick it up a few days later, they were a bit miffed to find out that the 3 pice suite was for a doll's house and NOT full size - they'd turned up in a large Mercedes van expecting to pick up a sofa and chairs for their new house! They saw the funny side of it themselves, and we agreed to leave positive feedback for each other, due to it having been a misunderstanding. Lol!

THE EBAY POLICE ARE WATCHING YOU

I am sure there are plenty of shysters out there who will try to pass fakes off as originals (some dubious characters have even been known to advertise X Box boxes, so the bidders are actually bidding on an empty box!!) but our local dodgy geezer who deals in guitars got into trouble for being HONEST! When he listed a Rickenbacker COPY even Rickenbacker themselves got on the case, and he was threatened with legal action!

A bloke who runs a record distro down south got members of Duran Duran to sign record covers, and when he put them on eBay all hell broke loose - the band (or their management) kicked off big style, at first accusing him of faking the autographs, then deciding they were in fact REAL but they were "intellectual property" and not to be resold. With music that shite I would think they'd just be glad someone in this day and age would want to buy them!

I have mixed feelings about bootlegs. I can understand bands being annoyed if they've released a CD at a fair price and someone knocks out CDR copies of it. But if the band hasn't got the gumption to release something that people are desperate for, then what's the problem if a bootlegger knocks it out? By this I mean good recordings and not dreadful performances that embarrass the band and fleece the punter.



But cunts like the BPI and PRS (Performing Rights Society) REALLY piss me off. Supposedly musicians' friends but, in effect, more like gangland enforcers for sad rich and bloated rockstars, they recently started phoning up shops and factories trying to make them pay hundreds of ££s for a licence just for having a radio on their premises, so you can imagine the hissyfits they have with eBay...!! And that's before you get the

punk stars of yesteryear (or those who never were) coming out of the woodwork pursuing copyright as if they were the Rolling Stones

Justin who used to do ERODED FREEDOM zine tells us...

I had 2 ebay accounts, and was up to about 1000 trades on one of them. I was putting Radio shows/docs onto disc and flogging em, and also punk bootlegs etc. I transferred 'Urgh a music war' from video to dvd and the band Skafish (or sommat like that) complained and I had it withdrawn, I got suspended a few times, the band UK Decay complained cos I transferred their album to cd and sold that. I got emails from Spon (guitarist etc) asking me not to sell them plus a geezer called Paul Rob John who was releasing a cd of theirs. Shortly after that I got emails about

performers rights etc, then an email from ebay saying I was suspended indefinitely following complaint from the British Phonographic Industry who had been monitoring my account, and said I could be prosecuted for breach of copyright etc. I then got some massive emails with all the illegal listings I had put on ebay, there was pages of them. I contacted Uk Decay /Spon and that other geezer, and gave em the spirit of punk speech and anyway they both strongly deny grassing me up to the BPI. Ebay are a bunch of cunts anyway, and I got sick of dealing with the arseholes on there. I sold the discs at a minimal price, but wankers rather pay Virgin or HMV £13 for a factory pressed CD than pay a couple of quid for sommat they'd never be able to buy in the shops. It was funny, cos I took some Damned CDs to a Damned gig, and was trying to talk megagob John Robb into buying some, when Captain Sensible came up behind me, and grabbed em, and said 'what's this bollocks, ahhh The Damned, they're fucking shit, have you anything decent?'. Anyway, I had a Radio doc of The Damned, that he hadn't even heard so he blagged that off me. Its just a case of money grabbing performers, record companies protecting their assets, Ebay never returned my fees they took tho. I just think there's too many arseholes who don't know what music is, they'll buy the £25 t shirt, buy the poster, the cd boxset and multiformat releases but turn their nose up at me when I walking round with a pocket full of bootlegs and demos. DIY not Emi. JUSTIN

So there you have it ; halfwits, mentalists and people even greedier than me...all good entertainment, but what do you do when you've been taken for a ride? Well let me save you a few hour's detective work. Thanks to an anti paypal website based in the US and saynoto0870.com (a very handy site that fights against greedy companies using premium rate numbers - you put in the premium rate number and it gives you the domestic equivalent) I have uncovered the elusive number for pay pal/eBay customer services which is 0208 6053000.

(They'll probably change it before you read this though - but whenever using numbers like this NEVER give your security details or your full bank account number - there are people on the net posing as pay pal/ebay who will ransack your account)

BOOK REVIEW

ANDREW PRITCHARD - URBAN SMUGGLER

A very varied tale co-edited by well known geezer book author Norman Parker that takes you from promoting raves (and the lengths the old bill went to stop em and the various power struggles with security providers) to living it up in Jamaica to losing a cool few hundred grand promoting a big reggae fest to smuggling moody cigars and finally being stitched up with a container switch that led to the author facing 18 years for cocaine smuggling. Some books stretch one flimsy tale out over 300 pages, but this one grabs yer attention throughout. Excellent read.

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If someone said I'd be featuring an indie band (artist?) in the zine I woulda said "hadaway 'n' shite w'yer". That's not because I'm narrow minded. It's because even the better indie bands write one or two good singles (Transvision Vamp, Primitives, Kaiser Chiefs) then along comes the album and it's shite. Not so Jonny Dongel. The first 4 songs on his album are belters. It's not for the Wattie fans out there, but if you like catchy tunes welded to witty, well-put lyrics, check him out on My Space.

When and why did you move from Bristol to NYC? Any differences (culturally, musically etc)?

I actually moved to the U. S. well over a decade ago. I spent some time in Memphis before moving to New York City. There are huge differences both culturally and musically between all three places. I think that it primarily has to do with economics rather than any profound artistic distinction. Punk was born in the UK out of a time of economic chaos much the same way as Blues, Country music and early Rock and Roll came alive in Memphis through poverty. It was a coming together and a powerful voice from those who were not being heard. New York is more affluent and I think that is why art and music here are more refined copies of what is born elsewhere in the world. We polish it up and make it fit for mass consumption. Madison Avenue baby!

Were you in NYC at the time of 9-11 and what was the atmosphere like? I bet questioning the official version of events was a dangerous pastime?

I was living in New York City at the time of the attacks. I was staying in an apartment in the Bronx about 12 miles north of ground zero. Of course, the actual attacks and aftermath were horrific. But in the months that followed there was a real sense of coming together here, a sense of community that hadn't been felt for a long time.

As with any major world event there are any number of conspiracy theories as to what might have happened. I really don't feel qualified to comment on any of that. I will say however, at that point in time there was a real opportunity to bring the world together and make something good out of a profound tragedy. Unfortunately, the people in control of our Government instead used the fear and uncertainty of the aftermath to further their own narrow political agenda. That is the lasting legacy of 9-11 that people in New York still are having trouble with.



Jonny Dongel

"The Cause" is an anti apathy anthem! Unfortunately most of our working class youth these days are more interested in taking drugs, fighting and robbing each other, and the only politicians making any gains are the extremists sponsored by rich backers who want to divide us. Can you see any hope for the future?

It is much easier to be lazy than to be an activist. It is a big reason why I had to give the answer to the 9-11 question. I wrote "The Cause" early this year when I started to feel a real political energy coming back to the youth of America. Barack Obama

may or may not become a great President. He has already become a great historical figure. He has singularly brought back the spirit of 'Yes I Can' and it seems to be transcending politics. It reminds me a bit of when The Ramones came along with their three chords that anyone could play and revolutionized music. It made everyone a part of the process rather than being an outsider to something distant and complex. 'A change, is a comin' man!' (you probably haven't seen his video on You Tube, it's the most cringe-worthy thing since Gordon Brown posing for pics with Thatcher! - ED)

On a lighter note..."Snocker Snog & Shag".... What's "snocker" ???

I really thought Snocker was a more common British term. Now I wonder where I might have picked it up. It is simply a term for boozing it up. You know, go to the pub with your best girl, get a bit snockered and the rest of the night takes care of itself. (I use the term "Dave Cameron'ed". It's a new version of "Cunt'ed" - ED)

As a fan of THE RAMONES what did you think of Johnny who went through all the punk ethos with the rest of us yet somehow ended up talking the language of the establishment? I mean in America there's even Conservative Punk for fucks sake!!! And Christian Punk!

Over the last few years a number of documentaries have come out about The Ramones. Other than Joey (sometimes...) they all come across as a right bunch of wankers. Their bubble gum image was exactly that. To me, Jonny was more of a drill sergeant than anything else. Without him they probably wouldn't have got much past their first album. The political stuff never made it into the music. I have no problem with his having a different view of things than I do. Think of how boring the world would be if everyone thought the same way.

"Sorry Simon" is an indie classic for sure, but how did you single him out amongst the deluge of shite TV in this country. I mean we got "Big Brother" "Jeremy Kyle" and wall to wall soaps and game shows!! Could be a concept album in the making there?

'Sorry Simon' was not so much a comment on the television show as it was a comment on the fact that a television show was going to tell us who was worthy of producing musical art. Imagine if this had been around in the 60's. Oooh.. That Mc Cartney fellow can sing, and he looks so nice to the girls. But Lennon, get him out of here. We'll have none of that.

If you listen to the lyrics of the song it is not so much about putting down the show as it is saying that me, my friends and my fans could care less about it. I don't watch it at all. In fact, the song got it's start because an ad for the show came on during the Super Bowl where me and a few of my mates were getting snockered (see above...). I just said I would never shake my poncy ass for that wanker. The song was nearly finished before the game ended.

It does worry me a bit that it comes across as a sort of novelty song. I love all the attention it is getting but I would hate to go down in history as the bloke that wrote the song about Simon. That totally defeats the purpose!

You seem to be inspired by mainly the original punk bands - Clash, Ramones etc - this was a time when everyone sounded different and no matter how poor the band members were, they put their heart and soul into it and the records sounded great. Nowadays it just seems to be rich kids in big studios with no character and no clue when it comes to writing songs (i.e. the millions who copy BLINK 182). Would you agree with that and have you come across any bands who defy this trend?

It is amazing how many kids try to tell me that my songs are 'Not Punk Enough'. What the hell does that mean? I also remember when punk was almost synonymous with originality. The Talking Heads sounded nothing like Television who sounded nothing like Blondie who sounded nothing like The Ramones. And these were just the groups to come out of CBGB. The common threads were excitement, energy, originality and yes... poverty. Traditionally we have been forced to listen to the Blink 182's of the world because that was all we were being fed. In the last few years, as the quality of home recording studios improved dramatically and the Internet has provided virtual distribution the record company monopolies are collapsing. I have found great songs from all over the world. No one is getting rich off of this but in a way that is what makes it great. People are making music because they love to do it, not just for a paycheck. 'Viva la revolucion'. The one band that I have come across that were ahead of this curve and have been defying trends for years are Guided by Voices. Bob Pollard is a great songwriter who has found unique ways over the last 20 years to get his music to his fans. He is the true spirit of independent music.



Some would say having a union jack CD cover and a song "Mighty Irish" is contradictory. What are your views on British Patriotism, the IRA etc?

I have both British and Irish blood. My life has been a bit of a contradiction. The record is supposed to be entertainment, not a political statement. So people can either get over it or not listen to it.

I spent a lot of time in Ireland last summer. I was pleased to see that economically things were changing for the better. I truly believe that people who govern themselves govern best. Empires never last. Ask the Romans, Ask the British and for God's sake will someone please tell George Bush!

New York has a rich musical heritage, from pre-punk right through to NYHC. Do you see many of these musicians around and what are they like as people?

The thing about New York is that no matter how rich you are, there is someone richer right round the corner. No matter how famous you are; there is someone more famous right down the block. It tends to keep most of us down to earth. I have seen David Johansen walking down the pavement carrying his guitar many times. I used to share rehearsal space with The Strokes. 'Handsome Dick Manitoba' from The Dictators owns a pub in the east Village. I go down there and drink pints and watch sports with him. New Yorkers are always friendly as long as you don't act like a tosser around them.

What's the song/album title "A Fifth Of Nowhere" refer to?

I like phrases that flow, even if they don't have exact literal meaning. I was thinking of 'A Fifth of Beethoven' and also 'A Fifth' of whisky, which is a size they had before the metric scale came in. Then there was the old punk ethos of 'Going Nowhere'. The song is in four stanzas rather than verse / chorus / verse / chorus. I am trying to tell a story of what an idiot one can be by throwing something good away on a whim. I suppose I was thinking Bob Dylan and the American West and what else is out there that is left to see.

The farther you travel, the more you realize how much there is to learn....

Many thanks to Jonny for the good answers.

JONNY DONGEL - A Fifth Of Nowhere CD (Gravelsauce recs- www.jonnydongel.com)

Jonny is from Bristol originally and lives in New York. The graphics are pure mod/Britpop (union jack digi-pak cover, target under the disc itself) and although he quotes The Clash, Buzzcocks, Ramones and Replacements (and Oasis) this isn't yet another sad case of namedropping to deflect the artist's own lack of talent, in fact he's the only indie act I can remember writing more than a couple of cracking songs.. If Jilted John had been an indie band or the Primitives had a bloke singing, and had original quick witted lyrics, then they could've been Jonny Dongel. "Snocker (???) Snog and Shag", "The Cause" (great lyrics AND music) and "Sorry Simon" (tearing into posh arrogant twat Mr Cowell) are indie classics and the title track and folk number "Mighty Irish" aren't far behind them. A few disappointments mid-album but "Here For The Music" which threatens to be a plodder, picks up and ends the CD on a fine note. Get it from cdbaby.com (7/10)



From The Cause

The dawn of another day
History will have its say

Blame from another way
Got us in these straights today
Fighting over king and country
Hoping to return
Essence of that pioneering
Burning in the cause
Of a troubled land
Get up now and make a stand
Change for the common man
Forge another way again

Take the reins and agitate
Those who'd leave us up to fate
For all the souls who've gone
before us
Fighting for the
Get on up now
Fight for your country
Get on up now
Fight for the cause
The cause will change the way

History will have its say
The dawn of another day
We are...
Fighting for the cause
In a troubled land
Get up now and make a stand
For change is a come in' man
We are...
Fighting for the cause
In a troubled land

Get up now and make a stand
For change is a come in' man
We are fighting for the cause

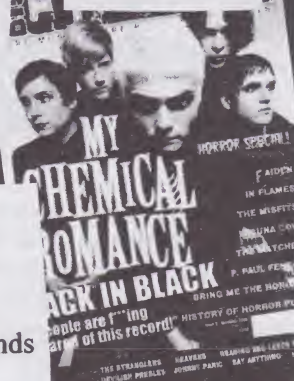
Remember those record companies who proclaimed home taping is killing music? Utter bollocks of course - you heard a tape of a great band, you HAD to have the record - but today we're dealing with a different breed, the type who doesn't wear dreadlocks so you can see em coming. I wrote the following article months before the music biz powers that be succeeded in getting the government to act on downloading, but I stand by it. This will piss a lot of people off, not that there's much chance of the shysters buying a fanzine anyway...

It's the 7th of Dec 07. I'm in Dam Independent cashing in my Barse CD chips, for tomorrow, like many others nationwide, it is shutting for good. The last music shop in the whole of Durham - gone. As councils squeeze every last drop out of businesses in rates to make up for piss poor government funding, casualties are inevitable, and music shops are more vulnerable than most. Ritchie is surprisingly upbeat, given the nightmare of unemployment that awaits him (you don't just get money thrown at you like they tell you in The Sun) and I happen to mention that kids these days just aren't serious about music. To most of them it's nothing more than a novelty, to be downloaded, with scant regard for the struggling bands that created it. "Funny you should mention that.." he said " ...someone was in here the other day just about to buy a CD, when his lass walked in and said "what are you doing? You can download that for free!" ". I never

Music Downloads-1000's to choose from

thought I would agree with the bloated twat out of Metallica, but he's actually turned out to be something of a prophet. Websites that offer 2 or 3 tracks from an album are great; it can only encourage people to buy a bands CD. But allowing shysters to download a full CD that a new band (or label) have invested a lot of money in, is simply a kick in the teeth for the band/label, the shops, the distros and punk rock in general. If CD's don't sell, no one will make them, bands think "why bother?" and only the hyped and overrated survive. Gallows are still making CD's.

THE DEATH OF MUSIC



BOYS FROM THE BLACKSTUFF 3xDVD

The legendary 80's series (and film) now on DVD. Revisit a time when Peter Sutcliffe beards were all the rage and dole snoopers were portrayed as evil (instead of the claimants themselves). The daily struggle to survive in jobless early 80's Liverpool, but, despite the bleak setting, there's a sense of community spirit (all but gone 25 years on), and black humour in the form of Yosser Hughes whose stint on the dole results in him losing the plot. Classic scene where he leads his troop of bairns onto a building site and tells the gaffer he's starting work, and watched by bemused ex workmates, proceeds to build a wonky wall, then when the gaffer complains, he head-butts him over it. Some amusing run ins with the nash, one of which was that good it was used as an intro on **Down & Outs** CD. Gritty real life drama that pisses all over the mindless reality TV we're bombarded with these days. Cheers to Dawn for investing in it.

KEITH MANN - From Dusk Till Dawn (PPP)

If you don't know who this geezer is, he's had his flat bugged for months, been ambushed by camouflaged armed police (and a helicopter!) and witnessed associates getting 3 years each just for writing articles in magazines. Every time he returns home from abroad he is taken aside at customs, searched, and has all the contents of his phone copied.

Gangster No.1? Er no, just an animal lover! True, causing £1000's of damage to a property by fireraising is a bit naughty, but few would complain when the local vigilantes burn out the local paedophile from his lair opposite the school, and believe me the deeds described in this book are every bit as evil. The monkey on the cover (as white as a ghost, with eyes worse than mine!) had it's face taped up since birth, was snatched from it's mother and given a block of wood to cling to. Another monkey is pictured with it's eyelids stitched together, whilst another is getting a needle in the eye. A huge slab of a book that covers everything from media scaremongering/ distortion right through to hunt violence (culminating in a hunts master driving at speed trying to throw a saboteur off the back of his jeep (he got off scot free, despite witnesses to the murder)). Along the way we get the horrors of vivisection and factory farming (not just birds crammed into small cages, but the shit and dead birds they mingle with - enjoy your meal!) and the ineptitude of "respectable" animal rights organisations like the RSPCA (how can you be a ROYAL Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals anyway! It's as absurd as Conservative Punk!). Corruption is around every corner, with government (and even RSPCA) inspectors turning a blind eye to the cruelty, New Labour promising to end animal abuse then trying to 'end' those who oppose it, and the media covering up the horrors and demonising the protestors instead (Ch4's *Dispatches* even paying a criminal to infiltrate the ALF). The powers that be get so out of hand in the end that a law is passed that allows for the jailing of people giving out leaflets! Democracy? It would be a good idea I think... A brilliantly written book with a neat line in sarcasm and cynicism and the author does a great job at relaying the suspense during raids on the abusers, the court cases etc.

Few books are that good that Waterstones "forget" to stock them, but £13.50 ppd from the Active website is a bargain and a half for something that's the size of 3 regular books.



The 'new' (?) album

New Direction
Dirty Girls
All For Love
Bag Of Purple
Hearts
My Chelsea Flat
What I Wanna Do
Tear It All Apart
No Values
At The Pictures

Who Cares If The
Girl Comes?
Better Be Ready
Safety Net
Don't Wanna Know
You
Waste Your Time
Spunk In Her Tea
Breaking Up Is
Easy To Do

And if that ain't enough, on the same CD you get the great new album from D'CORNER BOIS "Everything's a Mess" - raging CONTEMPT style punk with sussed lyrics!!

SPECIAL OFFER !

Buy this OR Barse's last CD "If You Can't Fuck Em Cut Em Up" for £6.50 (UK ppd) and get the band's first album, "Negative Reaction" Free!!

Contact trevhagl@yahoo.co.uk for ordering details

What MRR said about the last Barse CD...

"The cheeky wit and melody of FRANKY FLAME, the bar room swagger of COCK SPARRER and a touch of that working class charm as perfected by THE COCKNEY REJECTS. A great farewell"

RUSTY YOUNG - *Marching Powder*

You've seen prison books but none like this! Welcome to Bolivia where having money makes the difference between being left to die in a freezing courtyard and snorting coke with the governor. Rusty is a journalist, and the real subject of the book is an American, Thomas McFadden, who bribes a customs colonel to smuggle coke out of the country...only to find it's a set up. He's plunged into a world where if you're without money, the prison doctor won't give you antibiotics when you're dying, and you even have to buy your own cell. After a loan from his new cellmate, Thomas survives a few mugging attempts and works his way up the pecking order (with the help of obligatory bribes to prison staff) to position of tour guide. Yes, visitors are even allowed to stay the night - if the price is right - and Thomas wastes no time in entertaining rich backpackers and it gets to the stage that he begins to wonder if he *wants* to be released, although a few thousand dollars is given to the judge to make sure - or so he thought. His appeal fails and his world crashes around him after a set up involving a couple of mafia brothers, where he is done for supplying coke (which incidentally is rife in there). Loads to read (though a bit dodgy on the eyes), Dawn got me this for a fiver from Zavvi.

KEVIN FULTON - *Unsung Hero* (John Blake)

Story of a catholic who joins the British Army (!!) in N.Ireland and is groomed by the Force Research Unit as an agent to spy on the IRA. After several operations go tits up, the finger is pointed at Kevin and he faces the IRA's nutting squad. He is told to return for further interrogation 2 days later but not surprisingly does a runner to London. He was promised £200,000 if M15 ever had to bail him out but instead they try to convince him to attend the further interrogation, claiming he'll be safe. They give him fuck all and cease all communication, and burgle his flat looking for any incriminating papers and he later finds out the IRA bloke interrogating him was actually a M15 agent too, and he would've been sacrificed!!

ROGUES GALLERY

Not just BLINK 182, but the whole goddamn safe, sanitised pretty-boy-punk bandwagon-jumping lot. I say let Michael Jackson loose on em. That'd teach the bastards.



When our local fuel protester stood for the BNP, Mike Hunt commented "It's like the holy trinity of wankers-farmer, haulier and fascist!". Well I don't know what a 'trinity' is with one thing less, but whatever it is, it's Jon Gaunt - tabloid columnist AND Talk Sport presenter. Fucking hell! A staunch defender of the big brother state, welfare clampdowns, foxhunting cunts, the Iraq war, Rupert Murdoch's arse...you name it. And although he's done more for BNP recruitment than perhaps anyone else, even the Nazis don't like him...they put him on Redwatch!! Talk about ungrateful!!



Continued
back page

Oranienstrasse 3 - 10997 Berlin - Germany - www.coretexrecords.com

TOFFS!!! The only people to break the law week in and week out with complete immunity (and I'm not just talking about incest). We will leave it there though as I feel Mike Hunt has covered this topic once before.



I was going to put the new Work & Pensions minister James Purnell in here but Dawn said "no one will know who the fuck he is". So let me tell you, he looks like Jeremy Kyle. Oh my god, it IS! They've put Jeremy Kyle in charge of the vulnerable!! You can imagine the new 'back to work' test - wheel the disabled into a safari park and if they run from the lions they get their benefit stopped. If they don't run, well who cares, it's another one less to feed.

NEW ROMANTICS! Fucking hell. The late 70's gave us punk, mod and 2 Tone. Then what? Every shameless careerist cunt for miles around steals their sisters make up, waters down their music to such an extent Max Bygraves sounds rebellious, and declares holy war on the concept of integrity. There were 2 good things about new romantic. 1)How fucking good was it seeing your local redneck macho village idiots pretend to like 'music' made by camp ex public schoolboys dressed like fairies, and 2) How good is it to live long enough to see all the pretty boys end up looking like fat balding chippy cunts, like the rest of us. Age is a great leveller!

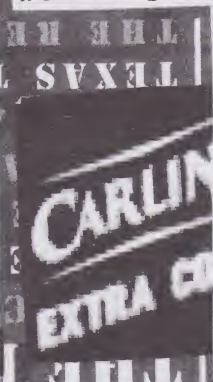
BLACKPOOL - LANCAS



Apparently each and every one of us pays 66p a year to keep the royal family, fantastic value according to The Sun. Hang on a minute, how many people are in this country - 40 million? 50 Million? That's a fucking lot of 66p's!! And can't we give the money to someone *nice*? I mean you can just imagine Trevor Macdonald calling round for tea with Liz, and Philip yelling at his servants "can you get the chains back on this one - it's escaped!". And that's before the huntin' shootin' rip-a-fox-to-bits sadism kicks in. No thanks, I think I'll keep the 66p if that's alright with you.



It's hard to know who's the most stupid; those who star in Big Brother, or those who watch it. But if Ch4 want cheap 'n' nasty telly, I have an idea. Rent out Stanley bus station (it's already got the cameras and contestants) and make a new programme called "Charverwatch". You could throw in little twists and turns, like stopping their benefits, making up rumours that one of them stole the other's drugs, or shagged the other's bitches, and broadcast the ensuing violence to the nation over 639 hour long episodes.



Not many people know this but i actually invented Extra Cold years before the breweries. True! In the late 90's I put 4 tins of Carling in the freezer for the Miners Gala. But when I came to drink them I thought "well it LOOKS like lager but it tastes flat as a fart and all it's doing is giving me a bad head". I didn't patent the idea though, cos who would've thought there'd be a market? Mind you I can't claim to have invented internally engraved glasses that make even GOOD lager taste shite. That one was theirs.

You would have to be Gary Glitter to have viewed images more disturbing than this.

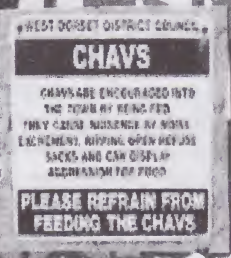


Back in the 80's Jim told us that HE was the ONLY alternative comedian, his reasoning being that all the others were attacking the establishment. Alternative to FUNNY maybe.

Beware the person with high moral values! Look at Martyn Gilleard, the Nazi who was found with a house full of weapons and explosives....and a computer full of kiddy porn. And membership of the NF who's stickers read er..."HANG PAEDOPHILES!". Or what about Nicky Crane who went round beating gays half to death before revealing he himself was on the other bus. Now I'm not suggesting Mary had a cellar like Frank Bough's where she dressed Tory MP's up in gimp masks and force fed them oranges. Or am I? Mind you if she were still alive today I would back her all the way, on *Big Brother* at least.



I saw a stall of ravey davey gravy records down the market the other day. It had a sign up saying "new monkey". "That'll refer to the buyers' position on the evolutionary scale" I thought.



A new trend in politics has emerged. First Reagan, then Bush and now Boris. And it works. What happens is you put someone up for election who's that stupid you lull the public into a false sense of security and before you know it he's in power, stopping half price travel passes for the unemployed. If I were his voters I'd be down Conservative Central Office asking for a job. The country needs idiots like you.



Remember HIM? Well he's still out and about, preaching the gospel of bollocks. He popped up in my fatha's pensioner union magazine, telling it's readers that they should WORK. Let's hope New Labour don't get wind of this - imagine the headlines - "back to work tests for 83 year olds".... Get on your bike, preferably one with the brake cables cut, you old loon.

He is one of the few genuinely original and funny columnists the tabloids have got. So why's he in here? Because he's a CUNT of course! He would even write an article delaring jihad on all citizens sporting Leo Sayer poodle perms, if that's what Murdoch told him to do.

